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The Shape of Things

WHEN WE SAW THE STATEMENT BY WENDELL Willkie demanding a second front in Europe "at the earliest moment our military leaders will approve" and adding that "perhaps some of them will need some public prodding," we were tempted into one wild moment of unreasoning optimism. "How could Willkie," we asked ourselves, "a personal envoy of the President, traveling with two representatives of the Office of War Information—how could he make so strong a statement if it didn't fit in with American policy?" We put little things together: Churchill's desire that the second-front statement issued after Molotov's visit be modified and Roosevelt's refusal; the obvious eagerness of certain American military men for early action in the west. And it was easy to argue that the President might welcome just the sort of "public prodding" Willkie's remarks, and the worldwide reaction to them, provided. They would strengthen his hand with the British and show the Russians that important Americans are ready to speak out without regard to official hesitations. And the Russians played up magnificently, putting on a show for the American visitor that has never been offered to any other emissary. Would Stalin have sent Willkie to the front and given him information withheld from everyone else if he had not believed Willkie's word carried official weight?

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AND NOW THESE HOPEFUL ARGUMENTS have found astonishing support in the London *Times*, which for the first time comes out clearly for a second front, agreeing with Willkie that continued delay will mean time lost, not gained. This is an impressive change from its previous cautious reserve. It insists upon a second front while the Russian first front still holds. It praises Russia's magnificent tenacity but brushes aside the complacent theory that the Red Army can hold without help from the west. Here again is an "unofficial" opinion which may carry official weight. And it is reinforced by the recent urgent warning issued by the British Broadcasting Company to the French people to evacuate the coastal areas because an "offensive of the United Nations is being prepared." We can imagine with what desperate attention the Russians are studying

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these omens and perhaps, like ourselves, allowing themselves the luxury of hope. But all this has happened before. We must remind ourselves that signs, particularly in the political sky, are notoriously unreliable. If Stalingrad falls and no second front appears to be in preparation, all the encouragement drawn from the words of leaders and the press will be distilled into bitterness. The Russian people will feel that they have been betrayed, and relations between Russia and the West will have been dangerously impaired.

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IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF VICHY INTRIGUE and treachery breed like flies on a dunghill. It is not surprising therefore that Laval, who has made a career of disloyalty to his country and his colleagues, should find his subordinates plotting to supplant him. The story has come to light through the dismissal of Jacques Benoist-Mechin, one of the secretaries of state attached to the office of the Chief of Government, who appears to have been sounding out the Germans with a view to forming with Jacques Doriot and Admiral Platon a triumvirate which would take over the Vichy government. The Admiral, also a secretary of state, apparently was not personally involved in the plot, or perhaps acted as informer, since he is being retained in office. In an interview Laval has declared that his government is "very solid" and will continue its task to the end. But he must recall his own maneuvers to displace Pétain and the way in which he was protected and kept in cold storage by the Nazis until they were ready to insist on his reinstatement. And he must wonder how long it will be before history repeats itself. In order to stave off this evil day he is working hard to satisfy the inordinate German appetite for man-power. Particulars have just been released about an agreement between Vichy and the Nazi authorities for the recruiting of 150,000 French specialists in exchange for the release of 50,000 prisoners of war. Only 20,000 of these specialists have so far been rounded up, and in an effort to induce more volunteers to come forward they are being promised half their French salaries in addition to "generous remuneration" in Germany. Those who fail to respond to government appeals are threatened with mobilization under the new compulsory-service law and warned that this will mean far less favorable conditions.

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THE BLUNT AND UNQUALIFIED ASSERTION of Ralph A. Bard, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that "we are still losing the war . . . and we should damn well understand it" has struck home as few statements have done since the outbreak of the war. Most Americans know in their hearts that Mr. Bard is dead right. We have been at war nearly ten months. During that time we have undertaken just one offensive action, the recapture of the southern Solomons. The United Nations have lost the Philippines, Wake, Guam, Singapore, the East Indies, Burma, Kiska, Tobruk, the Crimea, and nearly the whole of the North Caucasus, and are in imminent danger of losing the Volga Valley. Perhaps, as Wavell recently declared, the military situation is nearly stabilized today, but stabilization of present conditions means defeat. The situation on the home front, as Mr. Bard points out, is fully as alarming as on the battlefield. The ten months since Pearl Harbor have not even produced adequate tax legislation: the bill now before the Senate will bring in only about one-third of the revenue needed to prevent inflation. Congress has consistently dodged its responsibility on anti-inflation legislation, the drafting of eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys, general man-power policy, and many other matters of urgent importance in the war effort. About all that we have to cheer about are the heroic exploits of the Russians and the Chinese, and we have done very little to help either of these courageous peoples.

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THE SILVER BLOC HAS FOR SO LONG HAD its snout comfortably inside the Treasury fence that it is genuinely shocked to find a conflicting interest trying to haul it out by the tail. This situation has arisen because the whole supply of foreign silver, now priced at 45 cents per ounce against the legal floor on domestic silver of 71.11 cents, is being diverted to essential war industries. Jewelers and silverware manufacturers have thus been left in the cold just at the moment when rising incomes have led to a new demand for their products. Senator Green of Rhode Island, a silver-manufacturing center, has therefore introduced a bill to permit the sale of Treasury "free silver"—that is, metal which has not been monetized—at current market prices or the price at which it was purchased, whichever is the higher. The sternest opposition to this proposal is promised by the Western silver interests, whose chief spokesman, Senator McCarran of Nevada, has been brazen enough to suggest counter-legislation raising the legal silver purchase price to $1.29, its full theoretical monetary value. The obvious effect of such a step would be to increase the profits of the mines and divert still more man-power and materials from the war effort. At the same time we see no particular reason to encourage the manufacture of jewelry and other luxury goods, which must also be regarded as non-essential under present circumstances. We believe, therefore, that Representative Celler of New York, who has introduced a bill for outright repeal of the Silver Purchase Act, is nearer a solution of the problem than Senator Green. If this could be achieved, the Treasury would be freed from its obligation to buy domestic silver and would be enabled to release its hoards, which are probably large enough to fill all the needs of the war industries.

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THE INFANT MORTALITY RATE AMONG serious journals is enormous, and for a new magazine to survive a year is not only an accomplishment in itself but a promise of longevity. *Free World,* which published its first issue just a year ago, has already established itself as an outstanding American exponent of the democratic cause. The journal, together with the Free World Association, has won the adherence of a notable group of American and foreign experts and leaders, many of whom contribute greetings to *Free World's* first anniversary issue. *The Nation,* which had the privilege of supporting the idea of the new journal even before it appeared, is happy to add its congratulations to the rest. *Free World* embodies the hopes and ideals for which *The Nation* has always fought; when we wish it long life and success, we are really expressing our desire for a democratic victory and a people's peace. The anniversary number carries among other outstanding articles a discussion of the technical aspects of the second front by Tom Wintringham.

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OBSERVERS WHO NOTED THE FURROWED brow of Henry L. Stimson last Thursday might have concluded that the Secretary of War was jittery over the precarious position of Stalingrad. But the Secretary had a tougher nut to crack. He had promised to decide in forty-eight hours whether or not to permit Sergeant Joe Louis and Corporal Billy Conn to fight a title bout at the Yankee Stadium. The decision called for more than snap judgment. Permission had already been granted once, with the understanding that all receipts were to go to the Army Emergency Relief Fund. But Louis, it turned out, had, after the fashion of fighters and authors, drawn heavily on promoter Mike Jacobs against future profits. So had Conn. Louis also owed his manager, John Roxborough, some $40,000 and back income taxes amounting to $117,000. Having already turned over the proceeds of two of his title bouts to army and navy relief, Louis not unreasonably wanted some of the forthcoming receipts to apply against his indebtedness. Whether or not he specifically made the request, officials at Fort Riley promised him just that arrangement. Moreover, War Boxing, Inc., a group of sports writers picked to run the fight, voted after a row to award the fighters at least the amount of their indebtedness to Jacobs and Roxborough, who, incidentally, hadn't asked for anything. Thereupon hell broke loose. Representative O'Toole of New York threatened a Congressional investigation, and Stimson, seeing the handiwork of his subordinates, announced he was shocked. The moral appears to be that a matter of such weight should never have been intrusted to generals and colonels. The Secretary should have seen it through from the weighing in to the final count. Or perhaps the President himself should have taken over.

Prices and Politics

THE danger of price inflation as an ever-growing segment of our economy was converted to war production was thoroughly recognized more than a year ago. In the fall of 1941 a bill was introduced in Congress giving the Administration power to control prices, but its passage was delayed while the farm bloc battled to secure specially favorable treatment. As a result, when the bill was finally presented to the President, it included a complicated formula which in effect prohibited the setting of ceilings on farm prices at below the level of 110 per cent of parity.

Mr. Roosevelt signed the bill, although not without many misgivings, and shortly afterward the general maximum-price order was put into effect. This action proved very effective in the case of commodities which it was able to bring under control, but owing to the wide margin that still remained for the upward readjustment of most farm prices, it failed to prevent a slow but steady increase in the cost of living. Throughout the summer the President was urged from all quarters to take new measures. Then on Labor Day he sent a message to Congress asking for a revision of the Price Control Act providing him with authority to stabilize farm prices at not less than 100 per cent of parity and warning that, in default of legislative action by October 1, he would have to tackle the problem under his general war powers.

There is no reason why Congress should have rubber-stamped the President's proposals; if it could have concocted a better formula for checking the drift to inflation its proposals would have been warmly welcomed by the public. But what it had no right to do was to yield to the pressure of special interests and put forward a bill which, purporting to stabilize prices, positively encouraged inflation. This is exactly the effect—indeed, it is hard not to say the intention—of the amendment approved in the House by a vote of 205 to 172. For while ostensibly adhering to the President's 100-per-cent-of-parity formula, the amendment orders a recalculation of parity so as to include not merely the wages paid to hired farm labor but the theoretical wages paid to the farmer's family and his computed managerial compensation. The result would be an effective increase in the present parity level to 112 per cent and an increase in the national food bill, according to OPA estimates, of from $3 billion to $3½ billion annually. Nor would this be the end, for such an increase in the cost of living would require widespread wage increases and thus automatically bring about a further rise in parity prices.

In the Senate the farm bloc was all ready to push through the same amendment, but the majority leadership beat a tactical retreat and secured a postponement

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of the vote. At the time of writing it appears likely, thanks largely to a very courageous speech by Senator Prentice M. Brown of Michigan warning against the dangers of a head-on collision between the President and Congress, that a compromise will be adopted giving the Price Administrator authority to adjust ceilings to allow for increased farm wages. If the voice of that forgotten man, the ordinary consumer, can be raised loudly enough to reach Capitol Hill, the House may also be induced to reverse itself.

But although the situation looks less dangerous than it seemed a few days ago, it is still worth while to consider the forces which have been egging on Congress to flout the national will. The ingenious formula for the recalculation of parity is generally recognized as the work of the "Big Four" farm organizations, which mobilized their Washington lobby a few days after Mr. Roosevelt sent his message to Congress. Foremost of these organizations is the American Farm Bureau Federation headed by Edward A. O'Neal. Allied with it are the National Grange, the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, and the National Cooperative Milk Producers Federation. By and large they represent and are controlled by the bigger farmers and Southern plantation owners. Once they were willing to play ball with the Administration, but they have bitterly resented the Department of Agriculture's efforts to help the small farmer through the Farm Security Administration.

In their present fight these organizations have received help from an unexpected quarter—the United States Chamber of Commerce, whose president, Eric A. Johnston, told *PM* that it had passed a resolution approving the inclusion of labor costs in reckoning parity. Mr. Johnston is said, also, to have taken part in the policy meetings of the farm lobby. The Chamber of Commerce is a business men's organization, and hitherto no business spokesman has, publicly at least, attacked the general principle of price control. Why, then, should the Chamber back a measure which must hamstring price control and promote inflation? Is it pushing the farmers forward because it dare not openly attack the OPA? Or is its motive to harass the Administration by inflaming relations between the farmers and the New Deal and between the farmers and labor?

This curious tie-up, together with the fact that the supporters of the House amendment included a number of non-farm Representatives distinguished chiefly for their bitter enmity toward the President, suggests that the Congressional "revolt" has been inspired at least as much by politics as by a desire to grab for agriculture a larger share of the diminishing national cake. And the fact that it has achieved some measure of success indicates a criminal lack of responsibility on the part of many members of Congress which we trust will be duly punished on November 3.

14 Months and 18 Minutes

IN EIGHTEEN minutes Secretaries Morgenthau and Ickes have finally cleared a letter of intent on an aviation-gas plant for the Soviet Union. Russian efforts to obtain facilities of this kind, as I. F. Stone revealed in last week's *Nation,* had been stalled for fourteen months. Publication of the facts seems to have had an effect. It is shocking to learn that after all these months orders have only now been given for the engineering and architectural blueprints required and that something—perhaps continued haggling over patent royalties—is still holding up Russian efforts to buy two second-hand Texas refineries for shipment to the Soviet Union. The deal for these plants, long shut down, has been hanging fire for many months and is still in the vague "any-day-now" stage. This run-around given the Russians has become a major Washington scandal, and we hope the subterranean anti-Soviet and monopolistic influences responsible will be cleaned out of the government as a result. Drew Pearson, William L. Shirer, and Walter Winchell have given the story publicity over the air, and the charges have been taken up by *PM.* In a follow-up article for that newspaper, Mr. Stone has added new and sensational details.

The most shocking of these disclose the part played by officials in the WPB, the Petroleum Coordinator's Office, the Navy Department, and the State Department in ignoring the orders issued by the President. On July 25, 1941, and again on August 18, 1941, Mr. Roosevelt issued detailed instructions to his subordinates specifying exactly what facilities the Russians wanted and ordering immediate action on these requests. By November subordinate officials had succeeded in shelving the whole program and substituting one calling for second-hand rather than new refining equipment. Even the contracts for these have yet to be completed as we go to press, though fourteen months have passed since the President's original directives were issued.

To the list of obstructionists given in last week's *Nation,* Mr. Stone has added the names of Dean Acheson and Charles Bunn in the State Department; of Ernest W. Reid, the Mellon Institute dollar-a-year man who is chief of the chemicals branch in WPB; of Alex I. Henderson, a lawyer formerly with Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood who is head of the materials division in WPB; and of Ralph K. Davies and Wright W. Gary in the Petroleum Coordinator's Office. Davies, formerly with Standard Oil of California, is Deputy Coordinator; Gary, formerly of the M. W. Kellogg Company, was until a few weeks ago director of refining in that office. Mr. Stone also charged that E. J. Sadler of Standard Oil of New Jersey succeeded in convincing

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Admirals Stark, Reeves, and Stuart that it was unwise to grant the Russian requests. Those who favored the Russians, at least until the barrage of technical objections grew too heavy, were Harry L. Hopkins, Lease-Lend Administrator Edward N. Stettinius, Jr. (who seems to have crumpled most easily), Donald M. Nelson, and William L. Batt. Earl Petty, the oil expert who accompanied the Harriman mission to Russia, and John N. Hazard, in charge of Russian aid at Lend-Lease, deserve commendation for their efforts to help our Soviet ally.

Some of the men who opposed action to grant the Russian requests did so, no doubt, from the best of motives. There were honest differences of opinion as to whether we could spare certain oil facilities, though these objections take on a sardonic grimness in view of all the Russians have managed to spare in lives and wealth in the war against our common enemy. "The shocking thing," as Mr. Stone said in *PM*, "is that these subordinate officials took it upon themselves to substitute their judgment for the President's."

Behind these questions of supply and the technical points raised were considerations of a frankly commercial character. They were expressed by Reid and Henderson at the WPB, by Thornburg at the State Department, and by the Standard Oil official who won the backing of the three admirals. These considerations almost certainly played a major part in the curious reluctance and lack of interest shown by the oil men who dominate the Petroleum Coordinator's Office. Thornburg, a former executive of a company jointly owned by Standard of California and the Texas Company, expressed the suspicion that the Russians were only using the war as an excuse to obtain the precious secrets of the oil companies. (Most of them were long ago made available, through the Standard-I. G. Farben cartel, to Germany, Italy, and Japan.) Reid said frankly that the chemical branch of the WPB opposed the giving of such processes to either the British or the Russians because they would use them to compete with us after the war.

We think this whole affair calls for a complete and thorough investigation by a Senate committee and for the discharge of some at least of the officials concerned. We think Loy Henderson should be recalled from Moscow. We believe that Thornburg should be replaced by an independent man as international oil adviser to the State Department. Reid and Alex Henderson have demonstrated their incapacity at the WPB in many domestic matters, as well as in this affair. Berle has sufficiently shown his anti-Soviet animus to be kept out of negotiations affecting the U. S. S. R. A house-cleaning by Secretary Ickes has been long overdue in the Petroleum Coordinator's Office. A shake-up would show the Russians that forces genuinely friendly to them are dominant in the Administration.

Aside from this punitive action, we think it time a United Nations joint committee was formed with full power to commandeer and exchange all technical and scientific information. The first job of such a committee should be to give the Russians any and all processes they need as the Axis cuts one supply line after another.

The Dies "Front"

MARTIN DIES must have seen advance notices of *The Nation's* supplement on Martin Dies, inclosed in this week's issue, for he has just announced, again, that he is about to expose the Nazi "front" groups in this country. It should be easy, in one way, for him to deliver the long-delayed goods, since he himself has been associated with some of the outstanding organizations and individuals which belong in the category of Nazi or at least pro-Nazi fronts. It would be hard, in another way, because his most ardent admirers and supporters have included George Sylvester Viereck, Fritz Kuhn, William Dudley Pelley (since summarily removed by FBI indictments), Gerald L. K. Smith, George Deatherage, and Father Coughlin. There is, however, one new element in Dies's most recent repetition of his old promise to expose fascism. He offers in advance an extenuation for membership in Nazi "front" organizations that he has never allowed in his exposures of Communist "fronts"—and to him the whole New Deal is such a front. Mr. Dies says that "many members of these organizations are neither Nazis nor Nazi sympathizers but have been duped into joining because some of the ostensible principles of the organizations appealed to them." Many of the groups, he goes on, protesting too much, were formed for "ostensibly laudable purposes and to accomplish so-called patriotic objectives."

Frankly we don't believe Dies can or will tell us anything new about fascist fronts, and *The Nation* supplement explains why. There is nothing in his record as a seeker of publicity to show that he would hesitate to denounce his friends or former friends and platform mates if that seemed the only way of continuing his career. What the record of his point of view, his associates, and his activities does show is that Dies is so close to being a fascist himself that he is incapable of recognizing a William Dudley Pelley as a menace until the FBI labels him one by putting him in jail. To Dies, the believer in white supremacy, the hater of labor and aliens, the enemy of the New Deal, Pelley's purposes probably seemed laudable and his aims patriotic.

It is all too characteristic that Dies's vague new promise to expose the Nazi fronts came two days after another of his specific attacks, complete with names, on nineteen government employees who, he says, are subversive. As usual his evidence consists of his assertion

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that they are members of groups under the control of the Communist Party. One at least of those named is no longer a government employee. Many of the others are known to be strongly anti-Communist. Some of them, to judge by Dies's previous performances, are probably guilty of no more than being on a mailing list; it is just possible that a few were "duped into joining because some of the ostensible principles of the organizations appealed to them." To Dies all are guilty—and stand publicly branded—until they are proved innocent, though he carefully explains that members of Nazi "fronts" must be considered innocent until they are proved guilty.

How much longer is the Congress of the United States going to finance the political maneuvers of a man who is pro-fascist in the deepest and most dangerous sense of the word?

The Man-Power Crisis

THE long-anticipated crisis in man-power is at hand. Secretary Wickard has warned the House Agriculture Committee that the United States faces a serious food shortage unless prompt action is taken to solve the critical farm-labor problem. Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, has declared that a general labor shortage already exists in thirty-five of the country's war-production centers. The Selective Service quotas during the past few months have been much higher than was anticipated six months ago, and may continue to rise. Employment during July, after making allowances for the armed services, totaled 57,200,000. This was 3,600,000 higher than the figure for July, 1941, and nearly 10,000,000 higher than July, 1940. And in many war industries production is just beginning to get under way. In the automotive industry, for example, the July employment of 824,000 was only 59 per cent of the expected total of 1,400,000. Shipbuilding and airplane production—as evidenced by the recent labor demands of the H. J. Kaiser organization—are still expanding rapidly. It is probable that the demand for man-power for war purposes will expand by another four million before the early months of 1943.

If this demand is to be filled so that our war-production program can continue without interruption, at least four things must be done. First, steps must be taken to use our existing supply of man-power more efficiently. Much of the demand for labor today is concentrated in a few centers, while the supply is scattered over the whole country. Some employers are "hoarding" skilled workers that are badly needed elsewhere. Despite restrictions, "pirating" of skilled labor continues. Where there is no pirating, labor turnover is often high because of the lack of housing. Faulty schedules of production and the irregular flow of materials often cause layoffs and undermine morale. Finally, the man-power shortage is aggravated by illegal discrimination against Negroes and other minority groups. The War Manpower Commission has attempted to remedy many of these maladjustments—its most drastic action being the "freezing" of workers in the lumber and metal industries of the West. But despite its efforts, most of the difficulties remain.

Second, a clear policy is needed on the draft deferment of essential men in war production. Although measures have been taken to prevent the voluntary enlistment of men in classes 2-a, 2-b, and 3-b, we have as yet nothing approaching a national policy for protecting vital industries and agriculture against unwarranted losses. Nor have we an over-all policy balancing the total man-power demands of the army and navy against the crucial requirements of the war industries, which must supply not only our own demands for munitions but those of the other United Nations.

In the third place, a good deal more preparation must be made for the employment of women. Margaret Hickey, chairman of the newly formed Women's Policy Commission, recently asserted that five million women not now employed must be recruited and placed in war industries before the end of 1943. So far most of the newly employed women have been either single or without young children. But if five million additional women are to be drawn into employment in the next year, many young married women with children will have to be included. This will require the establishment of thousands of day nurseries, arrangements for part-time work, and special provisions for the care of school-age children during working hours. Little has been done in this direction.

All these steps are necessary whether we use compulsion or continue to give workers full freedom in selecting jobs. At the same time it is clear that to solve the man-power problem a fourth step must be taken—conscription. The pressure of war needs makes it increasingly difficult for the individual to decide for himself where he can make the maximum contribution, but unfortunately no machinery exists at present for deciding this for him. Local Selective Service boards do not have the information which would enable them to place registrants in civilian jobs. The United States Employment Service has the technical background for the task but has not the power or the necessary staff. Congress has delayed setting up the machinery for a labor draft on the plea that immediate needs could be met without compulsion. This has doubtless been true so far. But the remaining months of 1942 are bound to see a serious aggravation of the problem, and this period will be all too short for the organization of an adequate system of labor selection. Further delay will imperil the entire war effort.

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Capital Thoughts on a Second Front

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, September 26

THERE are only three persons in Washington who can speak with authority on the question of the second front—the President, General Marshall, and Harry Hopkins. None of the three is in a chatty mood. At the other end of the scale there is a wide variety of "confidential information" of the kind that enlivens the capital's better dinner parties. Even the actual date—several of them—when the second front is to be opened is available. Six weeks ago persons "in the know" had a date in September; gossip has now postponed the second front until the spring.

In between the three who really know and those who merely talk is an area in which a more reliable brand of information is obtainable. There are persons whose jobs enable them to catch the rumblings of the mighty at first or second hand. There are members of Congress whose committee assignments keep them in touch with the main direction of military and diplomatic thinking. There are reporters who specialize in covering a single government department, and who are sometimes willing to pass on what they themselves, for one reason or another, cannot write. In this area, too, talkativeness is in inverse ratio to authoritativeness.

By interviewing a good many people of this kind one can obtain a few scraps of information that have some value. One can also obtain a cross-section of opinion on the second front within official circles. This is useful because it enables one to understand more clearly the men who must make the actual decisions about the second front and the subconscious motivations which flicker dimly behind their elaborate arguments.

The most interesting bit of fact I have picked up, and I think my source reliable, is that the Canadians have spoken up vigorously for an early second front at official military discussions of the problem here. This may help to explain why Dieppe was so predominantly a Canadian affair. It looks as though the British said, "Well, if you're so anxious for a second front, go and try one." On Dieppe itself opinion is divided. Some point to the terrific ratio of losses as an argument for delaying a second front. Others feel that the casualties suffered by the first wave of an invasion must necessarily be high, and that the losses prove only that a large-scale foray is much too costly to be staged at all unless it is fully intended to establish a beachhead and follow it up immediately.

The weirdest notion I picked up came from an important elected official whose work necessitates constant contact with the military. He himself is a man of superior insight, with a courageous and progressive record. He would talk only in general terms, and much of what he said is incorporated in other sections of this letter. One statement he made left me a little breathless. It was an argument against the second front, and I gather that it reflected what he had been told by military men and that he himself did not know whether to be impressed by the argument or to laugh at it. "We've got to keep ourselves in readiness to strike with full force," he said, "wherever the Axis weakens. *Suppose, for example, the Dutch were suddenly to rise against their oppressors, and we did not have sufficient military force to support them.*" If we intend to wait for the Dutch or some other conquered people to take the initiative, we may have to wait a long time.

This chance remark may be unimportant as a clue to official policy, but it is revelatory of mental attitudes. Though both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are men of great vitality who have shown capacity for daring and imagination, they seem to be surrounded by too many men who suffer from spiritual arterio-sclerosis. Behind Anglo-American policy in recent years there has been a constant tendency to play a waiting game, and this out of inertia rather than restraint. Military and diplomatic leaders in too many cases have been men who feared risk, hoped for miracles, were content to wait for something to turn up.

This is not Mr. Roosevelt's temperament nor is it Mr. Churchill's, but the latter is haunted still by Gallipoli and the former dare not interfere too much with his military advisers. Some persons close to the President feel that he has already gone farther than any predecessor in overruling the generals and the admirals. These persons say this in approval, but they also feel that there is a limit beyond which he cannot go unless he is to shake up whole strata of personnel and not merely override specific decisions.

The President's military and naval advisers may be right in saying that no second front can be opened now. No civilian official of any importance has the temerity publicly to contradict them. The opinion of these military and naval advisers is none the less being evaluated in the light of more general considerations, and in that light their judgment does not inspire too much confidence. The first of these considerations is that this same military-naval leadership in both Britain and Amer-

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ica has yet to show any capacity for bold thinking or acting; had it done so, more reliance could be placed on its verdict that the second front is not yet possible. The second is a growing distrust of the established official experts in every field, industrial as well as governmental. The war has deflated one great reputation after another, exploded one solemn and authoritative judgment after another. Some civilian officials resent the tendency to place military matters in a separate and sacred category. They regard these matters as technical questions in the same way that the supply of aluminum, the best way to make synthetic rubber, or the problem of conversion is a technical question. They feel that the "experts" may be as wrong on the second front as their civilian counterparts were on industrial questions. In other fields these civilians see that the best results are being achieved, as in shipping, by fresh men and fresh ideas. They are in no mood to accept the verdict of the generals and the admirals without question.

The second front is, of course, a military problem, but it is also, in many ways, a political problem. Here is one way, as explained by one of the most intelligent observers here, a man who occupies an important position in the government. He is in favor of a second front, and no doubt that colors his reasoning, but here it is: No general or admiral wants to advise an attack that may not be successful and may be fatal to that general's or that admiral's reputation and career. There are circumstances nevertheless in which it may be necessary, for political reasons, deliberately to take a risk that is unwise from a military point of view. This official feels that both the good-will of the Russian people and the morale of the Anglo-American peoples call for a second front. It may be a gamble but sometimes the greatest gamble in a war is not to gamble at all. He feels that the risk may be great but that not to take it is to resign ourselves to years of armed stalemate. Political decisions are involved here, difficult to make against the advice of the military, especially since it would be dangerous to attempt a second-front expedition under the command of persons who felt from the start that it was doomed to failure. The imponderables of will, drive and faith are an army's best regiments, but there is a half-hearted streak evident in sections of British and American leadership. This also is in part political.

It would be doing an injustice to a great many conservatives in the army and navy higher ranks and in the war-production bureaucracy to oversimplify this aspect of the second front. Yet there is some measure of accuracy in the rough observation that the strongest desire for the second front is found among the New Dealers, the least among the big-business crowd. This takes a lot of qualifying. There are a few New Dealers so tangled up in their own emotional and political differences with the Communists that they can't see straight on the war. There are big business men like William L. Batt, W. Averell Harriman, Edward N. Stettinius, Jr., Donald M. Nelson, who sincerely want to do everything in their power to help the Russians, though I don't know how many of them are actually for a second front soon. This is also true among the Wall Streeters so conpicuous in the top civilian layers of the War and Navy departments. In a sense, almost everyone here is for the Russians, even Jesse Jones, though at the Joseph E. Davies reception last week all that Jones could think of to praise them for was that they paid their bills and loans on time.

Vague sympathy is one thing; decisive action another. There is an undercurrent of doubt and hostility which makes itself felt whenever any government agency gets down to brass tacks on a problem of aid to the Soviets. How much risk a man will take, how much sacrifice he will make, depends on how deeply he feels. The survival of the world's one socialist country is a cause most business men and conservatives are supporting, but not until our own country is hit on our own continental soil and our need for all and any allies is apparent to save our own homes will they really become accustomed to this—for them—rather odd alliance. By that time, unless we act more vigorously now, that ally may not be there or may be so reduced in strength as to be ineffective.

I came across an extreme form of reluctance to make sacrifices for the Soviet Union while working on my Russian oil story for last week's letter. Some of the oil men involved put forward the argument, "Why give the Russians our oil trade secrets, when they'll probably make a separate peace soon anyway?" This is wishful thinking of a mad variety: the same people last fall were saying, "Why give the Russians these processes, they'll soon be licked anyway?" They feel that if the Russians were out of the war, these sacrifices would be unnecessary. As the war grows less and less profitable and calls for more and more sacrifice, there will be more defeatism of this kind in some circles of big business, though in others there will be more genuine patriotism.

Another factor must be touched upon. There is a very small minority of conscious fascists here. There is a somewhat larger group which feels hampered domestically by the Russian alliance. A whole-hearted attack on the American left is impossible so long as even the Communists must be treated tactfully. The Dies gang would like to see Russia out of the war. There are others who, without going that far, are fearful of social changes arising from the war. In an emergency, when quick action and complete decision are necessary, one need only waver a little to be lost. These more or less subconscious waverings play their part here in the question of the second front, as in every other fundamental issue of the war. Only popular pressure can put an end to them. Fight for a second front.

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The Return of Heinrich Fromm

BY FELIZIA SEYD

[*Heinrich stumbled across my path last week. He had a message for a friend from her family in Berlin. What he told her about conditions there is rendered faithfully in what follows. Not a fact has been altered, nor the spirit in which the story was told. Names of persons and certain places in the United States are of course fictitious.*—F. S.]

HE WAS born some fifty years ago in a small town near Madison, Wisconsin, where his father ran a cheese factory. The family was well-to-do, and its male members were smart, hard-driving business men with the exception of Heinrich, who was not very bright. Heinrich hung on to his family for many years until the sheer pressure of his father's and brothers' contempt drove him away. He held odd jobs all over the country, sometimes as a mechanic, for he was skilful with his hands, but most of the time as an elevator man or a night watchman or something that allowed him to think on his job. Not that he had anything particular to think about. He just liked the leisure to think.

After the depression he came to New York and lived in Yorkville, where he acquired a circle of friends, people like him who talked a lot and thought in vague terms and never acted much. His best friends were Willi, the baker, and Mr. Biedermann, who had been a reserve officer in the Kaiser's Germany and tried to organize a *Stahlhelm,* or veterans' group, in Yorkville. But the *Stahlhelm* did not take in Yorkville, and as Mr. Biedermann found the Bund slightly alien to his taste, he had given up organizing. He vented his enthusiasm in talks about the old country. He and his friends bragged about the super-race the Germans were. Hadn't they created a new industrial and military machine second to none? Everybody had jobs and everybody was getting rich under Hitler. And they bathed in the glow of this success and felt an inflated sense of their own importance, even Heinrich, who was so shy, modest, and inhibited. Yes, Heinrich began to square his shoulders and think of himself as a cross between Siegfried and Lohengrin, and all of a sudden he decided to go to Germany and get a job.

His cronies admired him for this decision, which they would like to have taken themselves. But they had jobs and families and interests here, and it couldn't be done. Heinrich, on the other hand, was footloose and had the courage to go. They were so thrilled that they collected the money for him to sail to Bremen on the Europa. That was in 1939. "Won't the family be surprised to hear of my roaming the world like this," thought Heinrich, and felt like a Viking.

Now it must be said he was fifty-five by now and no Viking at all. His gray hair was thin, his face small and lined; his shoulders were so bent that he seemed to scan the sidewalk like a stumblebum. But Heinrich felt proud and strong inside.

He arrived in Germany, was shoved through the different party agencies, and found himself with a job at Siemens, the huge industrial plant northwest of Berlin. They did not give him heavy work to do—just made him develop blueprints, and paid him eighty-five pfennigs an hour. The workers teased him for having given up the land of Armour beef and Swift bacon for so meager a compensation. But Heinrich could go without the bacon because he was a vegetarian. And didn't he get culture and equality instead? He went to the opera, the theater, and the educational films on cheap strength-through-joy tickets. He also attended the plant's social evenings, where you might happen to sit next to one of the foremen, who would talk to you like a brother. He liked the opera best, though one evening when he attended a performance at the Charlottenburg theater he was nearly killed by a beer bottle that fell from the balcony. It was that kind of crowd. He thrilled over some of the war films and thought it was fine that there were people in the world who could do such tremendous things.

For himself he was content to develop prints. He was not up to any great physical effort because rations were getting smaller from month to month. He lost weight. True, you could get a pork chop once a week, but Heinrich ate no meat on account of his delicate stomach, and he gave his meat rations to people who would give him their bread. The bread gave him indigestion. Of course there were vegetables enough, at least in summer, but they tasted of the artificial manure with which they were forced—yes, and that might be the cause of his eczema. Actually he hadn't money enough to feed himself adequately; his pay was about 115 marks a month after insurance, taxes, and so on were deducted, and there were the winter-relief contributions twice a month and other labor-front matters which cost money. Even with the little he ate he needed about twenty-five marks a week for food, which left him about fifteen marks to pay his rent with. You can't get a room for fifteen marks, so you had to cut down on your food.

However, it wasn't right to complain. All this was

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only temporary. At least people said so. The few burgher families that invited him to their houses, because he was *ein gebildeter Mann* and had traveled, were all staunch supporters of the Führer. They were making out pretty well in their businesses and occupations. They said that the war would last another three years, during which the Germans and Japs would lick the world. Then the Germans would be able to live on the fat of the land. They said that after Pearl Harbor.

But the men at the plant spoke differently. In the three years that Heinrich had worked there the crowd around him had shifted considerably. A lot of women had come in, young and old, who jabbered about food, ration points, kids, or men, while the men complained about the wage rates, the hours, and the discrimination in ration cards. If you weren't a party member you had less to eat and wear. Some 50 per cent of the workers were foreigners now, and at least 40 per cent were women. But of course the German worker had to fight in Russia and win the war. Sometimes Heinrich wondered whether they wouldn't all be dead when the war was over.

That winter after Pearl Harbor was bitter because it was so cold. Heinrich's old threadbare overcoat from America wasn't much of a protection. So he went to the relief center and applied for another one. The official there said, "Let me see your old overcoat." He looked at it, shoved it back across the counter, and said, "You keep this. It's far better than anything you can get in exchange." That was a disappointment. Another was that he could not get a new glass bowl when he broke the one he developed his prints in. You could not even buy a cup in the stores.

It was a lonely and meager life though fairly safe. Siemens was bombed once, but only one man lost his leg. The walls of the factory were a yard thick. You needed a 2,000-pound bomber to do damage here.

But there were other worries. His eczema became worse, he had dizzy spells, and his weight was down to ninety-five pounds. He had given up going to the opera because it was so dark at night. One night a man accidentally shoved him into the gutter, and he sprained his ankle.

He might have consoled himself with an affair of the heart. Many maturer men were getting married. But Heinrich had been afraid of women all his life and could not visualize himself having an affair with any of the fresh young things around him. At times he rested an admiring eye on Erika, who was a beautiful blonde of twenty-five, reputed to have a good dowry. But Erika probably aspired to an army man or storm trooper; at least she never looked at him. As for his marrying an old woman—that would make him feel twice as old.

Had he really planned to settle in Germany for good? Not that he remembered. No, he was here just for adventure. It was a grand adventure, but his father had a cheese factory in Wisconsin—though probably they would not want him there—and there were Willi and Mr. Biedermann and the Cafe Hindenburg on Eighty-sixth Street in Yorkville. Also there were butter and plenty of oranges in the stores on First Avenue. The German people mocked him when he told them about it. America was no better off than Germany. Persons over fourteen could not get any fruit whatever. They had it from the radio. He laughed and shrugged, and the more he discussed and argued the clearer he visualized his native land and its generous, informal, natural ways. After all, America had a war too, and maybe they would need him there as a carpenter or a welder, provided he could get his strength back.

He went to the Swiss legation, which handles American affairs in Germany, and was told that the American government would pay his passage back on the Drottningholm. When he told this to his fellow-workers they sat back on their haunches and gaped. The foreign workers treated him with new deference; the Germans slapped him on the back and called him lucky dog. But the women did the most extraordinary thing. They all wanted to marry him, and among them was the lovely blond Erika. She went down on her knees to beg him to take her with him to the United States. "I am so sick of this rotten life," she sobbed. He was glad he could not do anything about it. He was still afraid of women, particularly of Erika.

He had a jolly time on board the boat watching his fellow-passengers. He was too shy to form any but the most modest acquaintances. But he admired those who strutted about—young, arrogant, rich-looking. Like this fellow Bahr, for instance, who paced the ship scanning the sea with his binoculars.

When the ship landed in New York, Heinrich stayed aboard for quite awhile. Then he had six or seven weeks at Ellis Island. I think it must have been utterly exhausting to the authorities to question Heinrich, who never with the best of will could give a concise picture of anything, though he loved to talk. His friends in Yorkville had the same trouble in talking with him. They were a bit shocked by his appearance, too. He had never looked so poor, so thin, so humble and helpless.

Didn't he like Germany? Why did he come back?

Well, after all, America was his home country.

Didn't he get enough to eat?

He could have had pork chops once a week.

What about fish?

Once he went to Aschinger's, a cheap chain restaurant, and they had something that was called fish soup, but only once.

What about chicken, for instance?

Chicken? Heinrich looked vague, as if he could not remember the word.

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Willi, Biedermann, and Heinrich drank beer together in the evening.

"What about the good wine and beer in Germany?" asked Biedermann, smacking his lips.

Heinrich's eyes lighted up. "Oh, yes, we had all the beer and wine we wanted—on New Year's Eve."

They gave up. They talked of other things. It was painful to talk of Germany when you had Heinrich before your eyes.

Biedermann, who owned an apartment house, gave him a job as an elevator man and lent him money so that he could buy some clothes. Heinrich had brought back one suit and had washed it himself at Ellis Island. It didn't look like much after that. Heinrich is happy with his elevator job. When he feels better he hopes to be a welder and work in some defense industry.

When there is little to do he sits on his chair in the basement and chuckles to himself. He must tell his family what a traveled man he is. He might even tell them about Erika. He could have married her, you know.

Mr. Petrillo's Hopeless War

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS

PETRILLO Obstructs War Effort," "Petrillo Perils Free Business," "Petrillo Hits at Heart of Radio"—these and other similar headlines, heavily laden with menace but also having an unwitting note of burlesque, have been appearing regularly on newspaper front pages. They reveal that James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, has succeeded John L. Lewis, at least temporarily, as labor's chief inciter of editorial frenzy.

Petrillo, a cocky Chicago labor politician with a great disdain for public opinion, provoked these outbursts, and also a Congressional investigation, by forbidding his musicians to make recordings for radio stations and juke boxes. He forbade them on the ground that his "boys," the 138,000 members of the musicians' union, were suffering seriously from unemployment. By making recordings, he said, musicians simply were pushing themselves out of jobs. When Elmer Davis, as director of the Office of War Information, protested that lack of recorded music would cripple many small radio stations essential to our national communications system, Petrillo told him that he was "absolutely misinformed" and refused to rescind the ban. Aside from the results already mentioned, his recalcitrance has brought forth a Department of Justice charge of "wrongful and unlawful combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce in phonograph records, electrical transcriptions, and radio broadcasting."

Actually the ban on recordings, which has been in effect since August 1, was not altogether the act of a "dictator." It was sanctioned by the union's executive board and represents a desperate but probably futile effort to stave off the effects of technological advance. The country's 500,000 juke boxes and the use of "canned" music by hundreds of radio stations have destroyed employment opportunities for thousands of musicians. Many taverns and hotels which formerly employed small bands now use the juke box; it costs less and provides music by Benny Goodman instead of Joe Doakes. Of some 800 radio stations in the United States, fewer than 300 employ musicians; the rest use recordings only. "A good recording," Petrillo has estimated, "costs musicians about a million dollars in wages before it runs its course." Putting aside for the moment the question of whether a good recording is preferable on aesthetic grounds to the nondescript playing of "live" musicians, it is obvious that the A. F. of M. has a case. It becomes even more obvious when one learns that as a rule between 50 and 60 per cent of the A. F. of M.'s members are unemployed. "Justice demands," observed an advertisement inserted by the union in New York City newspapers last month, "that the musician should not be compelled to make 'canned' music for commercial industries which grow rich—while he walks the streets without a job."

Unfortunately for the musicians, the reputation of their president is such that it precludes the possibility of any sympathetic public hearing. Petrillo is a perfect justification of Pegler's conception of a labor boss. He receives $46,000 a year in addition to a generous expense account, maintains a suite at the Waldorf, rides around in a huge bullet-proof car, employs six or seven bodyguards, four of whom are relatives, and talks as if he were following a Pegler script. He is high up in the Ed Kelly machine, and fits nicely into the Chicago scene. There is a persistent rumor that he wants to be the city's next mayor. In the American Federation of Musicians his rule is thoroughly despotic. The constitution empowers him to call strikes, levy fines of as much as $5,000 on individual members, and "annul and set aside" the constitution, by-laws, and resolutions and substitute provisions of his own making. The Department of Justice once characterized his powers as "absolute and subject to no control." He uses them bluntly, though occasionally he attempts to dis-

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semble, as when he wrote to Elmer Davis this summer that he was merely a "messenger for 138,000 musicians."

The dictatorial strain in its tough Chicago form is unmistakable in Petrillo. He attracted national attention first in December, 1939, when as head of the Chicago Federation of Musicians he unreasonably ordered "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and George White's "Scandals" to delete all reference to John L. Lewis. The National Council on Freedom from Censorship, seeing in this move an ominous new threat to our liberties, immediately wired, "Your action creates a precedent by which control of an entire production may be vested in a labor union, reflecting its self-interests and prejudices." The outcry was so great that Petrillo retreated with the surly comment that he was "going to fight John L. Lewis any way I know how." More recently, in a patriotic outburst, he ordered all union orchestras to play the national anthem at the beginning and end of each performance. "Anybody who gets tired of listening to it," he declared, "is not a good citizen." He has ordered at least one Chicago theater manager to stay out of his theater when musicians are present, and often has used his rather awesome powers as a union leader to pay off personal grudges.

For all that, Petrillo has served A. F. of M. members with a sturdy devotion. The union may not be his religion, as his friends extravagantly claim, but his feeling for it is the generous one a man has for an enterprise that has lifted him from obscurity to power and fame. He regards the A. F. of M as his personal property, which is not far from the truth, and he works hard in its interests. During the eighteen years in which he headed the Chicago union, before taking over the larger responsibilities of national leadership, he made Chicago the best city in the world for musicians. He increased the local's membership from 4,000 to 11,000, and raised wage scales to a new high. Unlike the Luddites of the last century, who smashed machines to create employment, Petrillo, to find additional jobs for his members, simply compelled owners of machines to place them in storage. He drove sound trucks off Chicago streets and forced theater owners to employ musicians for whom they had no use. In the latter case the increased overhead costs caused a number of Chicago theaters to close, but this did not trouble Petrillo, who thinks that actors are "dopes." Using his position as a Chicago park commissioner to good advantage, he got the city to appropriate, first, $63,000, then larger sums, for summer park concerts which provided employment for several hundred of his members. In appreciation of his services the local gave him in one year, 1937, some $110,000. Petrillo, who is boastfully proud of "delivering the goods" for his boys, observed, "Hell, I don't have to steal. When I need anything, I just let my boys know and they give it to me."

As national president of the A. F. of M., a position he inherited in 1940 from Joe Weber, who had held it since 1900, Petrillo has won a dozen major battles for professional musicians. Caring little or nothing for public opinion, partly because his Chicago training induced the belief that "suckers" don't count, he threatened a strike against a national radio network to force a station in Louisville to employ six musicians, and he called one to get a slightly better contract for eleven musicians in Pittsburgh. Although newspapers throughout the country raged, he refused to permit radio broadcasts by army bands until the studios had agreed to give "stand-by" jobs to regular musicians. "They all said that they would keep on the pay rolls as many musicians as they had before," he announced at the end of the dispute; "so we said that army programs are okay." "Stand-by" employment is the battle line on which Petrillo has fought most effectively. He almost never departs from the principle that the professional musicians must be paid for all playing time, no matter who does the playing. He has refused to allow amateur musicians, any mention of whom stirs his wrath, to broadcast without a provision for standbys. He once demanded that the Chicago *Daily News,* which had arranged to have Chinese Boy Scout buglers welcome the arrival of a giant panda, employ an equal number of his members to "stand by." He has banned from the air the National Music Camp Orchestra and several other groups of talented young amateurs for the simple but highly assailable reason that "when amateur musicians occupy the air, it means less work for professionals." Petrillo steadfastly refuses to admit that his policy has a harmful effect on the development of musical talent, although it is likely that he does not especially care. His absorbing interest is not music but musicians, and he once inquired belligerently, "What's the difference between Heifetz and a tavern fiddler?"

Most A. F. of M. members share the Chicago local's affection for their boss and completely approve his vigorous insistence on stand-bys and his war against the twin evils of the amateur and the juke box. But stand-by pay is hardly a solution to the problem of technological unemployment, and it is not likely that Petrillo will succeed in abolishing either amateurs or recordings. The New York musicians' local, which is the most progressive in the country, has appealed to the public to support the musicians "right to eat." But probably the public will decide that for sound aesthetic reasons many musicians do not have that right, at least not as musicians. The chances are that it will continue to choose first-rate recordings in preference to second or third-rate 'live" music. The musicians' stubborn answer is that no recordings will be available when the present supply is exhausted. But public opinion, which has been thoroughly aroused by Petrillo's bumptiousness, and, more directly, the federal anti-trust suit may force them to back down. Petrillo

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already has indicated that he would lift the recording prohibition if some system of royalties could be worked out for the musicians who did the recording. This, unfortunately, requires some friendly federal legislation, which at the moment seems improbable, and it would not materially change the average musician's status. It would mean a larger income for the name bands and possibly a larger union relief check for the unemployed, but it would not restore the musician to his pre-juke box position. Small-time musicians have become as obsolete as the Indian. James Caesar Petrillo, for all his confident toughness, will not be able to erase that fact.

Toward Peace on the Danube

BY RUSTEM VAMBERY

THE dire realities which contemporary statesmen have to face make an escape into wishful thinking very attractive. Wishful thinking has produced many blueprints for a post-war world federation, for a United States of Europe, and for various regional federations that might serve as stepping-stones to larger units. The misuse of sovereignty for aggressive wars on the one hand and the undisturbed internal peace of the United States during the last seventy-seven years on the other have lent the idea of federation a magic glow. The concept of a Central European, Southeast European, or Danubian federation, however, is more than a contemporary *ignis fatuus*. Even if we disregard the Little Entente and the Balkan Pact as regional security agreements and pass over the efforts of President Masaryk and Premier Hodza to organize a system of small nations, we must admit that a unified Danubian empire was visualized long before the First World War.

I do not refer to the Hapsburg empire. What the builders of the Austrian empire sought was not Danubian unity but compensation for the loss of the Holy Roman Empire. And in spite of the belated attempts of the late Archduke Franz Ferdinand to base the *"Politik meines Hauses"* on a German-Hungarian-South Slav triality, the Hapsburgs never dreamed of a federative union of sovereign nations. Voluntary federation would have been incompatible with their divine right to rule; yet it is precisely this title to power which today rallies all reactionaries in the countries that might federate in support of a Hapsburg head.

Not a Hapsburg ruler but Count Ladislas Teleki, a leader in the Hungarian struggle for independence, was the father of the conception, which was taken up by Louis Kossuth as early as 1850. This plan for a Danubian federation underwent some modifications, but as it was made public in 1862 it would have included Hungary, the Rumanian principalities, Serbia, and Croatia. A common council residing in each of the allied states in turn would have dealt with defense and foreign affairs, finance and trade, and it was understood that the minorities in each country would enjoy cultural autonomy. "In heaven's name, I beg my Slav and Rumanian brethren," Kossuth cried, "to throw a veil over the past and to rise, hand in hand, for our common freedom." In our time a plan for federation of the Danubian nations was put forward by Professor Jászi before the war. Because of the mixed population in all the possibly federated states, he advocated organization on a cantonal basis, like Switzerland's.

Since Southeastern Europe is traditionally a powder barrel, the desirability of a federation that would check the bellicosity of rival nationalities needs no argument. It is the question of possibility that has to be discussed. When Kossuth supported the plan of a Danubian federation, the historian Ladislas Szalay, exiled in Switzerland, wrote to his wife expressing his doubts whether the cultural level of the nations concerned, not excluding the Magyars, fitted them to enter such a union. Though nearly a century has passed, the question cannot be ignored today.

Obviously nations on a similar level of cultural development can federate more easily than nations of widely divergent standards. This is apparently the reason why the Swiss federation has proved successful. Perhaps two federations in Southeastern Europe might work better than one that included countries of such disparate development as Austria and Albania. Which nations should join a Danubian and which a South European federation will largely depend on the final outcome of the war, on the influence that one or the other of the United Nations attains. The core of a federation, or rather of two federations, can be found in the Polish-Czecho-Slovak declaration of November 11, 1940, and in the Yugoslav-Greek agreement of January 5, 1942. Recently the inclusion of all countries from Poland or even from the Baltic states down to Greece has been suggested. These suggestions have a fatal weakness. Their authors envisage a federation not *for* the benefit of its participants but *against* either Germany or Soviet Russia, desiring it as a kind of *cordon sanitaire* to keep Germany in check or to prevent the spread of communism toward the West. These purposes are equally mis-

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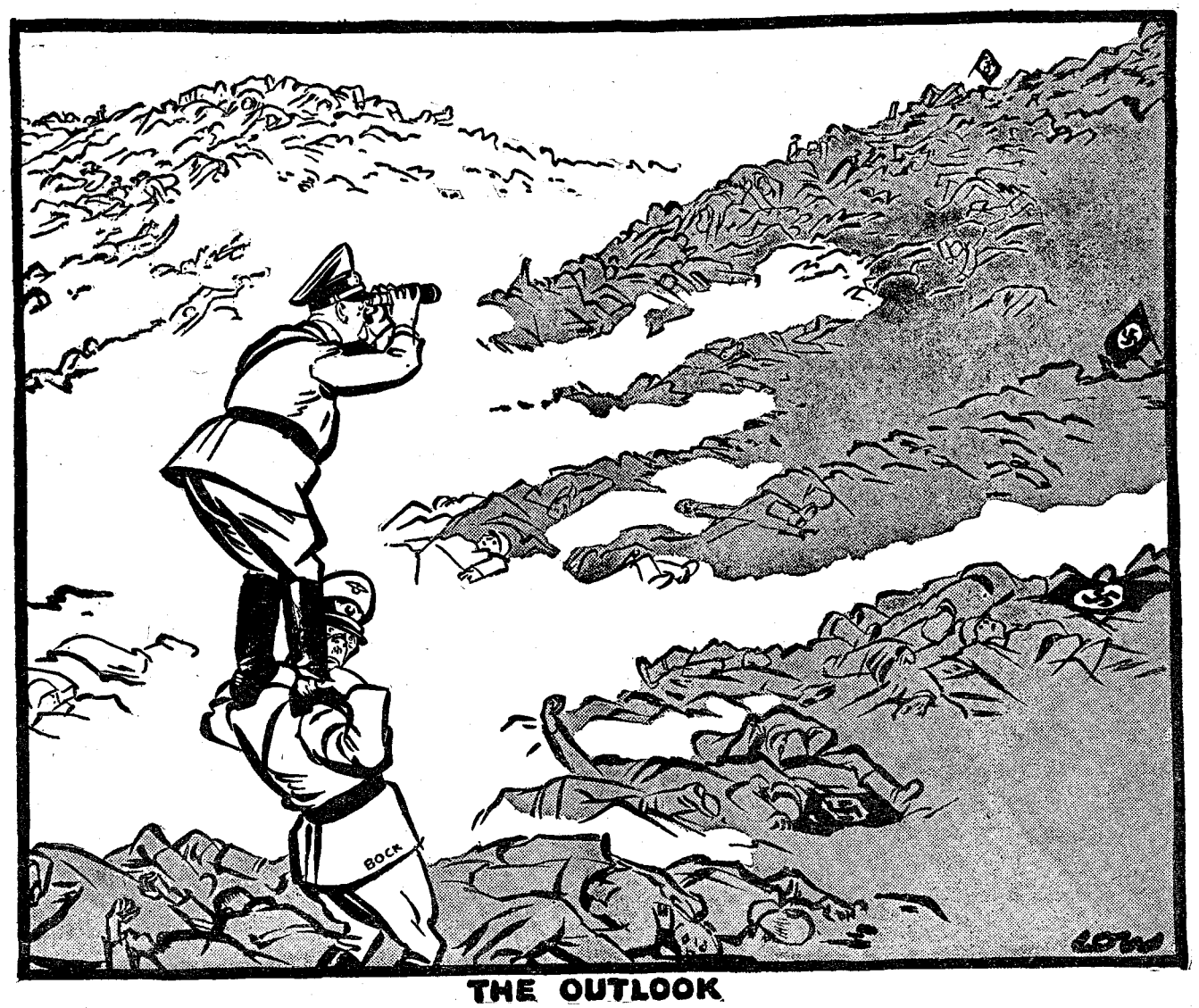
conceived. No counterpoise can eliminate the German menace; to try to establish one would only mean a return to the balance of power, which sooner or later results in war. And persons in Western countries who are still motivated by the Bolshevik scare underestimate both the fundamental change in Russian policy and the importance of the Russo-British-American alliance.

Whether there should be a Danubian and a Balkan federation or whether both should be components of a Southeast European Union—the term "Central European Federation" is too reminiscent of "Mitteleuropa"—is a question that cannot be answered in a political vacuum. Any federation that is real and sincere is likely to contribute to the peace of Europe; its composition will largely depend on how the European continent is reorganized when the principles of the Atlantic Charter are converted into practice.

There shall be "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned." Desirable as the entrance of Austria into a Danubian federation would be, it is possible that a popular vote, influenced by economic considerations, might favor *Anschluss* with Germany. A federation of all Danubian nations seems most reasonable, but reason alone is rarely decisive in political self-determination. The United Nations may have to use some *douce violence* and grant the federation economic advantages; they should not play off one small state against the other as was done after the First World War. No advantages that are granted, however, should be allowed to develop economic autarchy if the federation is to become an instrument of peace.

The first and foremost premise of either a Danubian or a Southeastern federation is the suppression of overheated nationalisms and imperialistic appetites. That kind of nationalism which, in the words of J. B. S. Haldane, is not so much love of country as love of *more* country deeply resents any enforced stop to aggression, but no federation is possible without unreserved renunciation of imperialist dreams based on sometimes doubtful historical rights. Instead of wishing to rule over minorities, each of the federated nations must strive to include no more outsiders than ethnic geography makes inevitable.

Recently both Dr. Hodza and Dr. Hanc have stressed the point that cooperation with the present regime in Hungary is impossible, and certainly the picture will



THE OUTLOOK

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become more hopeful when Hungarian democracy eventually gains control. There is in Hungary a nucleus of democracy formed by some peasant leaders and a group of intellectuals who, if they were given as much support as their adversaries received twenty-two years ago, could render useful work in changing the social structure and public spirit of the country.

Emotional and aggressive nationalism is not a monopoly of the Magyars. Rumanian Iron Guardists are no better than the Green Shirts of the Hungarian Arrow Cross, and the chauvinism of the Slovaks matches that of the Magyars. No honest agreement between the Danubian peoples can be reached unless each of them is ready to overcome the hindrances to federation in their own country. The Serbo-Croat and the Slovak-Czech antagonisms must in some way be allayed. Harmonious teamwork presupposes that none of the partners should be a nation divided against itself. National prejudices, often based on distorted history, must also be got rid of. There is no reason why Magyars and Rumanians, Serbians and Bulgars should dislike each other, but rational arguments seldom master unreasonable emotions.

Though it would be premature to make a definite suggestion about the members of a Danubian federation before we know how the great European problem, Germany, is going to be handled, it is obvious that countries which were formerly in the orbit of Austria-Hungary would more easily fit together, being familiar with each other's faults and virtues. Inasmuch as the European continent was more or less balkanized after the First World War, there is less reason to stress the ethnic, social, and cultural characteristics which would make the inclusion of one nation or the other desirable or otherwise. Not even economic considerations are decisive, for a condition of any peaceful post-war world is that it must not be composed of self-sufficient units eager to destroy each other.

A unified system of customs, currency, and communication is of course the basic requisite of a Danubian federation. A democratic form of government in all of the federated states, with allowances made for differences in political temperaments, is equally indispensable as a guaranty of personal, religious, and political freedom. No federation is conceivable without central authority. There will be need of an economic council and of an executive body directing the federation's foreign policy. Members of the council would be elected by the respective parliaments; the executive body would be composed of appointees of the governments of the federated countries. This executive body would of course be in charge of the armed forces. There are many other questions to be solved in the constitution of the Danubian federation, but all of them, including the problem of the cultural and religious autonomy of minorities, will lose much of their significance if *bona fides* prevails.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Co-ops on the March

CONSUMERS' Cooperation in the United States has emerged in the past few years from a somewhat sickly childhood into lusty adolescence. Today the Cooperative League, which this week is holding its thirteenth Biennial Congress at Minneapolis, is able to boast that the movement is growing faster in America than in any other country at any time.

This progress has been achieved without the benefit of much publicity. Big-town newspapers have at times played up the cooperative movement in Sweden or Finland but have seldom found its local development sufficiently newsworthy to merit a position anywhere near department-store advertising. Now, however, American co-ops have reached a stage where they can tell their story directly to the people. Beginning October 11 they are going on the air with a series of thirteen Sunday afternoon programs, which by means of a coast to coast hook-up will be heard in all parts of the country.

The scripts, I understand, are to be in dramatic form, and I have no doubt that the recent history of the movement will provide plenty of exciting material. There is, for instance, the Episode of the Kidnapped Fertilizer. Dissatisfied with the price and quality of the product supplied by local representatives of the fertilizer trust, Farm Bureau members in the Middle West agreed to go into the business for themselves. A number of them put up cash in advance to buy several carloads from a Southern manufacturer. The shipment was duly dispatched, but en route it vanished, apparently without trace. The impatient farmers then sent out an amateur sleuth, who, after much legwork, scented his quarry immobilized on an out-of-the-way siding. Some clever person—could it have been an agent of the fertilizer trust?—had chalked on the sides of the freight cars "scab fertilizer," and good trade unionists among the railroad men had managed to forget them. Once explanations were made, they eagerly sped the fertilizer on its way, and a neat scheme not merely to injure the cooperatives but to disrupt their relations with organized labor had been squelched.

There is a sequel to this story. From this beginning the Farm Bureau cooperatives in Ohio and Indiana built up a large wholesale and retail business in fertilizers compounded according to their own specifications. Then, having an assured market, they decided to establish their own source of supply. In 1940 they built five factories in which they invested nearly a million dollars. When the first was ready to open, the trust went into action, cutting the price from $30 to $26 a ton. The co-ops met the cut, and with the loyal support of their members

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were able to increase their volume sufficiently to cover costs by a small margin. This made possible savings of millions of dollars for all the farmers in the territory.

The fertilizer trust is no picayune adversary, but tackling Standard Oil means giant-killing on a really heroic scale. In 1929 the Consumers' Cooperative Association was organized in North Kansas City, Missouri, as a wholesaler for oil and gas co-ops. Its original capital was only $3,000, but its business grew steadily in spite of the depression, and it was able to acquire a compounding plant for lubricating oil and then grease and paint factories. Finally it decided to build its own refinery, which was opened with great éclat in May, 1940. Ten days later the new plant was compelled to close down. By switching contracts and taking advantage of the prorationing provisions of the Kansas state oil code, Standard Oil of Indiana was able to cut supplies of crude to the co-op to a trickle. However, the co-op was far from licked. It started work on a pipe-line extension to connect the refinery with more wells. Simultaneously Governor Payne Ratner, who was up for reelection that year, was bombarded with letters demanding a change in the law. The whole story has not yet been made public, but the upshot was that the refinery was soon back in operation, working to capacity, and in its first year was able to report savings for its members of $250,000.

While the cooperative movement in America has been, and still is, predominantly rural, it is beginning to spread into the industrial centers, particularly in the East. Cooperative buying clubs are growing into small stores, small stores into super-markets. Too many of the urban societies, however, depend too exclusively on the support of middle-class enthusiasts, and the movement has yet to penetrate the consciousness of the workers as a whole. It is a field which might well attract the attention of the trade unions. Inhibited by the war from fighting for higher wages for their members, they might encourage them to explore the cooperative way of making a shrinking dollar stretch.

One of the primary cooperative principles is to charge current market prices except in cases where these have been distorted by monopoly, but the profits go back to the membership in the form of rebates proportionate to purchases. It has been discovered, however, that once people are thoroughly converted to the cooperative idea they lay less stress on this benefit and more on the fact that "cooperatives can be depended upon to tell the whole truth about merchandise." A cooperative can no more cheat than it can profiteer, for to do so would mean that its members were skinning themselves. Today we are facing not only inflation of prices but deflation of quality. Against this danger the cooperatives offer many safeguards, and the pioneer work which the movement has carried out in the field of grading and informative labeling should now reap its reward.

In the Wind

SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT of Ohio, speaking on People's Platform, a radio forum sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting Company, referred sourly to the President's ultimatum to Congress on the inflation issue and then said: "Of course, I admit that in order to fight dictators like Mr. Hitler and Mr. Stalin the President must have increased power."

DANIELLE DARRIEUX, the French actress who has become notorious as a "collaborator," was recently married to Porfirio Rubirosa, the Dominican chargé d'affaires at Vichy. One of Mlle Darrieux's attendants at the wedding was the wife of the second secretary of the American embassy.

DESPITE THE PUBLICITY which pro-Japanese gatherings in Harlem have received, an observer of several meetings reports that attendance is never more than 200 and that the same faces turn up at almost every one.

GIUSEPPE ROSSI, who before Pearl Harbor was editor of the avowedly Fascist *Grido della Stirpe,* has been added to the staff of the *Corriere d'America,* the largest Italian daily in this country. The *Corriere d'America* is published by Generoso Pope, a warm and open supporter of Mussolini for several years before America's entrance into the war.

WHEN KING CHRISTIAN of Denmark learned that the Germans were planning to enforce the Nürnberg laws in his country, he made a point of appearing in full-dress uniform at a special service in a Copenhagen synagogue.

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Primer of Political War

IN ORDER to wage political war we need to know that it is not enough to build ten planes for every Nazi plane and four tanks for every Nazi tank. Even the combined industrial strength of the United Nations is not enough. We need first of all to be convinced that there is a political problem involved in winning this war which cannot be dealt with by generals or admirals, but only by political fighters.

Second, there must be a clear political line. Once and for all the question must be settled who in the United Nations is to have the final say: whether it is to be those who believe with Vice-President Wallace that we are in the midst of a people's revolution or those who, in this country, think in terms of the "American century" and, in Britain, of the inviolability of the empire.

Finally, somebody must be designated, and empowered, to deal with the problems of political war.

These three things go together; and it is because "our side" has attached too little importance to the strategy of political warfare that we have evolved no machinery with which to wage it effectively.

Since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, for instance, the United States has set up a number of agencies to deal with the non-military aspects of the war. The Office of War Information, the agencies under Colonel Donovan, the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs—all these share responsibility with existing offices in the State, War, and Navy departments for various aspects of political defense and attack. Some of them are doing good work. In the case of the Office of War Information, our high estimate of Elmer Davis's ability has been justified. His clear thinking and fighting spirit have already made themselves felt in news releases, broadcasts, and movie shorts. But it would be an illusion to believe that Elmer Davis's office is in full command of the activities concerned with political war. Its sphere of action is distinctly limited, as is its power to get rid of obstacles placed in its way by other departments.

Nor is the Office of Strategic Services—which has recently annexed some highly capable people—in a position to tackle all the crucial problems which grow out of the political character of this war. As for the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, there the very mention of the word "political" or "war" sends a shudder through "neighborly" officials. "Culture" is the sign under which they operate, and the idea of encouraging a democratic opposition in Latin America is one they prefer to skirt.

We are not talking in hypothetical terms: we can cite an all-too-concrete case. Several months ago, before the Rio conference, there arrived in the United States as official guests two important leaders of the democratic section of the Argentine Parliament. These men had reason to believe that the Argentine President, Castillo, counting on an Axis victory, intended to give more and more active aid to Hitler, and they brought with them a plan for preventing their pro-Axis government from sabotaging the entire South American war effort. It was a feasible and practical plan. They took it from office to office and were received everywhere with the greatest courtesy. But nothing happened. Their plan was not simply one of propaganda or diplomatic action; it did not fall within the sphere of the services primarily concerned with "intelligence"; and it was not a matter which the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs could handle by sending out a flock of lecturers. Since it was none of these things, but a program typical of serious political warfare, no agency had the power to act—so there was nothing for the two Argentinians to do but go back, discouraged, to Buenos Aires.

We could mention other situations that would be hard for the average American to understand. Suppose, for instance, that one of the agencies mentioned above considered it necessary to send a person or group of persons to Europe to carry out an urgent task connected with the political struggle. The first battle it would have to fight would not be with the Axis but with our own bureaucracy. It might find it more difficult to obtain a passport for its representative than to smuggle him through France or Yugoslavia. And if, finally, the State Department decided to issue the passport, it might well have become too late to carry out the assignment.

But if it is unwise to leave matters of procedure to officials who think in bureaucratic terms, it is altogether absurd to permit a department which has no understanding of political warfare to exercise veto power over actions originating in other agencies charged with specific political functions. In the field of political war no Foreign Office should have the last word. The whole tradition and mentality of the conventional diplomat stands in the way of effective action. But some agency must control the complicated machinery of political

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struggle. The strategy of democratic resistance and counter-attack requires central direction just as does Hitler's strategy of terror. Until now this direction has been entirely lacking. Nowhere is authority centralized. No close collaboration exists among the agencies within a single country. And no continuing collaboration among agencies of similar purpose in the United Nations is provided for.

There is only one way out of the present situation: each country should make a single office responsible for the conduct of political war and give it full powers; and the United Nations should create an Inter-Allied Council for Political War—a council similar in structure to a war cabinet, made up of five or at most seven men whose political experience, democratic record, and aggressive conception of the war are beyond question.

This Inter-Allied Council would be charged with laying out the over-all plans of political war. It would decide, for instance, whether it is still desirable in October, 1942, to maintain diplomatic relations with Vichy. It would provide an instrument of negotiation in cases like that of India. It would elaborate the strategy of support for the illegal movement in Europe. It would decide upon the advisability of tolerating the pretended neutrality of certain states.

Every national agency would in turn carry out the general directions of the Inter-Allied Council. Its acts would not be impeded by the apathy of those bureaucratic officials who do not realize that the democracies have only one year in which to counteract ten years of Nazi political war.

Some will argue that a supreme political war council would impair the sovereignty of the individual states. Of course it would. But if each of the "United" Nations insists on waging the war in its own way, the democracies are lost.

United Nations!

"All right, you're not a member of the Communist Party of your country now. But were you ever? That's what I'm asking you."

"But suppose I was? In Germany there were thousands who joined the Communists just to fight Hitler—as you are fighting now. Would that keep me from becoming a citizen? I don't understand."

"Well, you'd better. And get this: in America, we consider Russia more of an enemy than Germany."

[Taken verbatim from a dialogue which took place a few weeks ago in a Philadelphia naturalization office.]

European Youth Congress

NOT more than five hours after President Roosevelt finished speaking to the Assembly of the International Students' Services in Washington, Baldur von Schirach, the Nazi Youth leader, addressed a European Youth Congress summoned to Vienna. We have before us his speech and will quote a few excerpts from it. But far more interesting than the speech itself is the fact that the congress was staged as a counter-offensive to the assembly in Washington, although, according to diplomatic sources, it had originally been planned as a celebration of the conquest of Stalingrad. This in itself shows the flexibility of Nazi technique and again demonstrates the Nazi genius for converting a military setback into a political success.

We shall omit all the ugly personal remarks made about the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and even their children, and go on to the paragraphs which show the leaders of Nazi youth engaged in real political warfare.

First, von Schirach called into service that most effective of all Nazi political weapons, the project of European unity: Hitler will bring the people a United Europe; what the people of all countries so long for, the Führer will accomplish; only Great Britain and the United States, with their subservience to old imperialist and capitalist conceptions, oppose such unification. We quote:

> Europe is more than a continent—Europe is a symbol of the human race. . . . Where is your Praxiteles, your Michelangelo, your Rembrandt, and your Albrecht Dürer? What audacity dares, in the name of a sterile continent, to take up the fight against mankind's eternal works of culture, born of divine inspiration and the highest perfection of mankind? . . . The war of America and its British associates is nothing less than an attempt to take possession of the incomparable wealth of Europe. We, comrades, inherit the soil of Europe; we will hold Europe. In defiance of the old British-American game of multiplying the so-called sovereign states of Europe in order to play with them more easily and to impose on them the terms of General Motors, General Electric, and the big cartels, we will have a United Europe, real, sovereign, and master of its destiny.

Next, an offensive in the social revolutionary sector: the democracies still do not dare to advance any revolutionary political and social program as their objective, but Germany has already created a new society which it offers to the youth of the world. Said von Schirach:

> When the sick old man in the White House had the unfortunate idea of assembling 300 students of his country in order to send a message to the youth of the world, he could offer that youth nothing better than the old slogans of the French Revolution. Thus in his political and spiritual ideas he goes back to Europe. It

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does not dawn on that "world governess" that he is cabling to Europe . . . doctrines 150 years old, which are printed in our own history books. . . .

Here are assembled leaders of youth and delegates of those powers which, unlike Mr. Roosevelt and his followers, have not *talked* about reform but have *achieved* the greatest revolution in the history of the world, and are defending their achievement with their lives. . . .

The soldiers of the Axis do not need promises from their Führer. They have left their jobs to take up arms, and they know that when they return after the war their jobs will be waiting for them. Every German soldier knows that his fatherland is a social state and that the conception of a people's community which was given to our nation by the National Socialist movement is a reality, in which the millions of our youth participate.

What does Mr. Roosevelt say to the fact that in the German Reich all capable young people, regardless of inheritance, are trained and educated in the Adolf Hitler schools with public funds, and that every young person in the youth organization of the Führer has an equal chance, regardless of the wealth and position of his parents, to advance according to his abilities?

As a result of the Vienna Congress, to which delegates from every occupied or "associated" country were "invited," a European Youth Organization was created. The Nazis are making full use of the general desire for unification. Under their leadership the new organization may become a dangerous force. To fight it, the United Nations youth movement must rally its strength and purge itself of its factional politics and past mistakes.

A Free Italian Legion

BY RANDOLFO PACCIARDI

WE HAVE had much speculation on the chances of a revolt in Italy and on what can be done to stimulate it. We have heard many stories of rising discontent and acts of resistance. These should be examined coldly, so that we may plan for the future on the basis of facts rather than hopes.

The facts suggest caution. Actual information coming from Italy is scanty and contradictory. Anti-Fascist incidents have certainly occurred. There are indisputable signs that the ascendancy of the regime over the army is being challenged. The purges of the Fascist cadres have lately reached into the officers' corps, and men of the highest rank have been demoted or dismissed.

But such signs of unrest should not be given an over-optimistic interpretation. There is practically no chance of an early revolt in Italy. People should not forget that Italy is under the heel of two dictatorships, that to liberate itself it must fight not only Mussolini but Hitler too—with Hitler the tougher adversary.

Revolt in Italy will continue to smolder under the surface unless it is released by an Allied invasion of Europe. The opening of a second front would have a tremendous popular effect and would undoubtedly cause disaffection in a large section of the army. But not until Italy faces actual military defeat can a full-fledged up-

"Youth, a free United Europe is yours!"

Drawing by Victor De Pauw

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rising be expected. The forces of suppression are too strong. For this reason above all others anti-Fascist Italians are concentrating on the organization of a Free Italy in Exile to cooperate with the political and military forces of the United Nations.

The recent conference of Free Italians at Montevideo was characteristic of Italian popular movements. The initiative and planning came entirely from below—from the masses of Italians living in South America. It was in response to their invitation that Count Sforza went to Uruguay to take part in the deliberations, to which I also was invited. The mandate of the conference was clear: to create a United Italian National Committee and organize a Free Italy Legion.

Both purposes call for some explanation. First, it is worth recalling that there are two Italys—enslaved Italy and the Italy which has emigrated. I have no exact figures on the number of Italians abroad, but when one remembers that Italy has always been a country of emigration, the official government figure of ten million cannot be very wide of the mark. The greater part of these are naturalized English, Americans, Argentinians, Brazilians; about three million are Italian citizens, one million of whom are in the United States.

Italians—even those born in the "new" country—have always been bound by strong spiritual ties to their motherland. The Fascist government has taken advantage of this fact. Active propaganda has been carried on in the United States and Latin America ever since the March on Rome—in many places with undoubted success. It is a fact that just as not all Italians in Italy are good Fascists, so not all who live in democracies are good democrats. The democracies have not been alive to the danger, and have done little in three years of war to catch up with twenty years of Fascist propaganda.

To help overcome this dangerous lead, free Italians are preparing to organize their political and military strength. If we have decided upon an Italian National Committee in place of a Government of Italy in Exile it is because we wish to avoid any appearance of artificiality. Our position is not identical with that of those national groups which had constitutionally established governments until they become a prey to the Nazi conqueror. Our National Committee will do everything in its power to help the Italian people win their liberation. But its functions cease at the frontier; Italy, when free, will choose its own government.

Count Sforza was unanimously and by acclamation chosen to head the committee. To me fell the privilege of organizing and leading an Italian Legion. More than anything else, the idea of a Free Legion can be used to inspire and arouse the Italian people, who still hold in their hearts the Garibaldi spirit and tradition.

In organizing the legion we shall make a clear distinction, particularly in the United States, between Italian nationals and Italian Americans. We shall not accept members from the second group because we recognize clearly the obligation of all citizens of Italian origin to the country of their adoption and its armed forces. But we make no similar distinction in a country like Argentina, or in any country whose government has adopted an equivocal position in regard to the war.

Numerically we have enough people to draw upon to build a large legion. But even one division would be of immense value in the political war within Italy. In Spain I commanded at the beginning a single battalion. Its mere existence was of greater value to the anti-Fascist movement in Italy than all our political work of the previous ten years. When I reached France en route to the United States I was deluged with proofs of the enthusiasm with which the Italian people had followed our fight shoulder to shoulder with the brave Spanish Loyalists.

To create an Italian Legion all that is necessary is to obtain permission of the governments of the countries in which recruiting would take place and to designate a training center. After that a legion could be organized and put on a war footing very quickly.

The necessary financial support should not be hard to find. First, in the Americas, in England, and throughout the British Empire the frozen assets of Italian individuals and firms could be put at our disposal. Second, among citizens of Italian extraction there are many wealthy men who would be proud to back the movement. Finally, the Italian Committee could quite properly ask for a loan for equipping the legion.

For many reasons we should prefer to organize the legion in the United States, but we would be willing to go to any country of the United Nations. We are ready, and have been ready for a long time. All we need is authorization to give Italian volunteers the signal they are waiting for.

Hatched in Japan

THE presence in Bangkok of Subhas Bose, Indian nationalist leader with Berlin affiliations, and the announcement by the Berlin radio that he was receiving a salute of honor from twenty thousand Indian, Burmese, and Siamese soldiers are indications (according to the London *Tribune*) that unless a settlement is arrived at between the British government and the Indian Congress, other forces will intervene in the gradually deteriorating situation in India. One of the plans of the Indian Independence League of Bangkok seems to be to land in India some part of the so-called Free Indian Army to support the native revolutionaries. Japanese troops will hold the British army on the frontier while the Free Indian Army acts as guerrilla units in the interior. It will be maintained that this is a war of liberation in which Japan is fighting only the British army. This move is intended by the Axis strategists to meet the objections of anti-fascists like Nehru, who do not want the Japanese army in India.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"Sentimental Education" Today

BY LOUISE BOGAN

THE most important novel to be published in English in 1941 was the first intelligent translation into English of Flaubert's "L'Education sentimentale."* This novel, first published in 1869, was written after "Salâmmbo" and just before the final version of "La tentation de Saint Antoine." It is now generally acknowledged to be Flaubert's masterpiece. A profound and sardonic comment on Flaubert's own generation and the France of his youth, it is in every way pertinent to the human and social dilemmas of our own day.

The novel was viciously attacked by the critics and neglected by the general public, at its appearance. Only a few friends—Banville, the Goncourts, George Sand—understood Flaubert's intentions or appreciated his success in putting them through. Sand realized that Flaubert's readers were still too close to the events described, and too involved in the Second Empire point of view, to wish to appreciate the book's ruthless analysis of social change and human motives. They recognized themselves too easily. And Sand complained that Flaubert gave no overt clue to where his sympathies lay. She wanted "an expression of blame . . . to condemn the evil. People do not understand that you wanted precisely to depict a deplorable state of society which encourages bad instincts." Flaubert had run into this sort of obtuseness in the French public and government before this. It had brought about the suit against the morals of "Madame Bovary." He was incapable of agreeing with Sand's rather sentimental moralistic demands. His idea of the relation between the individual and society was far more complicated than hers. Society warped the individual, but was it not individuals who had created, and blown up to enormous proportions, the governments which symbolized this hampering agency? Perhaps the basic evil lay deeper, in the constitution of the human heart.

Flaubert was depressed by the book's failure. He wrote in 1874 to Turgenev that he was still astonished that this work had never been understood. He finally decided that the book lacked "the *falseness* of perspective." "Every work of art," he said, "ought to have a point, a summit, make a pyramid . . . or better, the light should strike some point of the sphere. Now, there is nothing of that sort in life. But Art is not nature!" Here Flaubert partially understands that in this novel he has created a new genre. Critics, including Henry James, have misunderstood the book's conclusions because they were in no way dealing, here, with another "Madame Bovary": not with "realism" or "romance," but with satire of a high but hidden order.

There is no doubt that "Sentimental Education" is a difficult book to get the hang of, at a first reading. The reader must have a fair working knowledge of reaction and revolution in nineteenth-century France. To use a figure of Lowes Dickinson's, France was, throughout the century, politically in a state as though tracked by the Furies. It was a century of nervous unrest and of new and untried theory. And all theories, once applied, backfired in the most appalling way. The revolt against the Orleans line brought in the July monarchy (1830) and Louis Philippe's dead-weight bourgeois rule. Universal suffrage, granted after 1848 and thought to be the instrument to establish the kingdom of God on earth, resulted only in Louis Bonaparte, and after three years of the Second Republic, the Second Empire. Paris fought for freedom; the provinces, fighting for the still unlaid ghosts of the old regime and Napoleon, finally voted away the newly granted franchise itself. Added to the political melee was the social one. The Industrial Revolution struck France in the '30's, in the factories of Lyons. All political parties were thrown into the rise of money, and the new concept of the right to work. The resulting confusion was severe. It is precisely this confusion, and its results, mirrored in the characters of the men and women who were at once its creators and its victims, that Flaubert here describes.

The book, written under the Second Empire, covers the period from 1840 to Louis Napoleon's coup d'état of December, 1851—save for the last two chapters, which form a coda to the whole. The action, excepting a few short passages, is seen through the eyes of Frédéric Moreau, of the provincial landed middle class, newly come to Paris, as the book begins, to pass his law examinations. A new spirit is in the air. The tradition of romanticism, and of the bohemian painter, writer, and poet, is almost completely threadbare. The period of the career based on money deals of one sort or another (*"Enrichissez-vous"* was said to be the counsel of Louis Philippe to his subjects) had begun. Art and industry, art and journalism, stood opposed, in spite of naive efforts to reconcile their purposes. (*Industrial Art* is the name of the magazine run by Arnoux, the husband of the woman Frédéric comes to adore; the paper of the unprincipled Hussonet begins under the name *Art* and ends up entitled *The Man About Town.*) Stock-jobbing, loans, investments, and mortgages were the preoccupation of deputies and ministers. Borrowing a little money and making more, getting in with "influential" people, occupied the minds of law students, writers, painters, and hangers-on. The movement of opportunism elaborates and expands into a mounting frenzy. Notes fall due; debts pile up; the fate of men and women depends on the worth or worthlessness of shares. Bankruptcies, auctions, bailiffs finish the hopes of guilty and innocent alike. Underneath runs the theme of personal treachery. Friends betray one another; old men revenge themselves in their wills; women take it out on rivals by holding over them old debts and promissory notes.

The revolts of Republicans and the new Socialists against bourgeois rule form the book's secondary theme. The theorists make plans and hold to rigid formulas. Spontaneous outbreaks of the people link up with the planned action of the revolutionaries. Barricades go up; arms are requisitioned from the citizens. The crowd swarms into the Tuileries;

*"Sentimental Education." By Gustave Flaubert. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Anthony Goldsmith. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton and Company. 95 cents.

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grand pianos and clocks are flung out of windows. One of the book's great set-pieces describes the Paris street fighting in 1848. And the book closes with Paris again under arms: the dragoons, aided by the police, galloping against the citizens under the gaslight with sabers drawn—and the Second Empire has begun.

Sénécal, the democratic dogmatist who develops by degrees into a tyrant and member of the police, is the character which has astonished modern readers by its deadly accuracy and contemporary pertinence. "Where are the labor poets?" Sénécal asks, when shown a library. He wants, in literature, content and not form. He thinks *tableaux vivants* corrupting for the daughters of the proletariat. As a factory overseer, he extracts fines ruthlessly. "Democracy," he remarks, "does not mean license for the individual. It means a common level under the law, the division of labor—order!" "You've left out humanity," Frédéric answers. It is Senecal who kills Dussardier, "the good fellow," the honest believer in Socialist virtue "who attributed all the evil on earth to authority."

And Flaubert traces down "an insane desire for authority, of whatever kind if only it be authority," in all these people who have lost so many natural links to life. "France, feeling herself without a master [after '48] began to cry out in terror, like a blind man without a stick, or a child that has lost its nurse." And the reader continues to recognize these characters. There is something startlingly familiar in Houssonet, the journalist who prints gossip and slander as news, who "extols the fifth-rate and disparages the first-class minds." Arnoux, the intermediate type between bohemian and business man, infected with the failings of both—"his mind was not elevated enough to attain to art nor ordinary enough to think solely of profit, so that he was ruining himself without satisfying anyone"—is closely akin to Frédéric, who feels the resemblance. Arnoux is a gourmet and gives little dinners "with ten kinds of mustard." Deslauriers, Frédéric's friend, in the words of the Goncourts, is "with his fond envy, his intermittences of perfidy and friendship, his solicitor's temperament, a perfectly drawn type of the most widespread kind of scurvy humanity." Mlle Vatnaz, the emancipated woman, venomous, the dupe of her passions, a literary hack and go-between with a business head, is still not a complete grotesque.

Then there is the gallery of "conservative humbugs," male and female, whom Flaubert does not spare. "Bigotry of the rich rivaled the frenzy of the starving. . . . Property began to be confused with God, and attacks on it . . . almost resembled cannibalism." But Flaubert was out to show up "the bourgeois in blouses as well as the bourgeois in coats." He examines with the same detachment social theorists, the hysterics, terrorists, and fakes on the fringes of the Socialist movement, and the conservative money and power jugglers and their "distinguished" circle, ready to grease the palm of any government that came into power. The stupidity of the workers' meeting and the complicated spite of the dinner party are both analyzed. Flaubert wished to clear the reader's mind of all "accepted ideas" concerning the supposed nobility of either group. Suddenly, at the end of the book, we look back and see how each category has received its touch of clearsightedness: these liberals who are at bottom neurotic reactionaries; these members of a new middle class who not only "have no interest in the things of the mind," who do not act according to motives of patience, pity, duty, love, or generosity, but *actually do not know that such qualities exist.* And has Flaubert spared from his satiric justice of treatment the supposed prototype of a lifelong love of his, Mme Arnoux? She has been thought to stand in the book as an unclouded exponent of womanly sweetness and virtue. Is she not, rather, a sort of Madame Bovary in reverse—a woman who rejects passion because she pietistically fears God's punishment, whose virtue brings her to the pass of offering herself, in age, to a man who suddenly sees the true incestuous nature of his devotion to her?

The profound psychological truth of the book's two final chapters is unequaled in modern literature. For in these two scenes Flaubert's uncanny knowledge of the pathology of modern life becomes startlingly evident. The nostalgic reminiscence of Frédéric and Deslauriers, casting back to their youthful frightened visit to the prostitute's house, reveals the continuing infantilism of these two grown-up children who have never been able to lift themselves over the threshold of maturity, who cannot learn, who can only, in spite of some native decency and generosity, repeat, and flee life's consequences. The modern split between emotion and reason stands revealed. Flaubert elsewhere remarks: "You do not possess Christianity any more. What do you possess? Railroads, factories, chemists, mathematicians. Yes, the body fares better, the flesh does not suffer so much, but the heart continues to bleed. Material questions are resolved. Are the others? . . . And as you have not filled that eternal yawning gulf which every man carries in himself, I mock at your efforts, and laugh at your miserable sciences which are not worth a straw." "Sentimental Education" is a handbook to the present because the gulf of which Flaubert speaks, after seventy years, has not been filled but only widened and deepened. The thirst for some saving authority has grown stronger, the childish bigotries more complete. Let us examine our theorists, Flaubert says, and throw out their false premises. Let us enlarge the provable human data. Have these nervous insurrections accomplished anything; are we following the "advanced notions" of a parcel of "buffoons"? Should "the government of a country be a section of the Institute, and the last section of all"?

Some partial answers lie in this novel, panoramic and profound, written in the "ivory tower" of Croisset and published one year before the inauspicious events of 1870 which ushered in the Third Republic.

India and the United Nations

INDIA WITHOUT FABLE: A 1942 SURVEY. By Kate Mitchell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE feeling is growing in America that the problem of India is not one for Britain and India alone but one which concerns all the United Nations. "India Without Fable" is written from this point of view in an attempt to instruct the American public about "some of the more elemental forces at work in India today." Miss Mitchell has not lived in India, does not know any Indian languages, and

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relies on second-hand sources. Nor is she any longer connected with the Institute of Pacific Relations, as the publisher's blurb seems to imply; she has long been interested in the Far East and during the last few years has been connected with the magazine *Amerasia*.

Much is to be said for a survey of India at this time which reads so easily as this one. In comparatively short space the author covers in the contemporary historical manner India's political and social institutions and problems. Except for the description of Gandhi as a reactionary figure, there is little in this survey with which the Congress Party would disagree. The distinction made between Gandhi and other leaders of Congress, the contrast between his pacifist views and what is described as the firm determination of Nehru and others to lead India in the fight against fascist aggression, is an exaggeration of the facts which arises from wishful thinking. The author, very naturally, wishes to have India in the war and free at the same time; so she gets around the difficulty of Gandhi by dissociating him from the movement he has led so long and by advising the British to deal with the real anti-fascist leaders of Congress.

In spite of a realistic insistence on the importance of the historical factor, which explains the deep bitterness of the Indians toward the British, Miss Mitchell assumes throughout her survey that a free India would fight whole-heartedly with the United Nations against the Axis. But if she is right, as I think she is, in the general line of her indictment of the British, can one so easily dismiss the parallel of Ireland and Egypt, which have in common with India the same historical factor? The record of Burma, which had more self-government than almost any other British colony, is not encouraging.

The main weakness of the book is that the problem is not put in a sufficiently broad setting. This is not a quarrel between petty politicians in London and India but a vast experiment in the liquidation of the nineteenth-century imperialism which American leaders have already buried, at least in their speeches. To free 350,000,000 people at a time when Japan and Germany have enslaved large parts of Europe and Asia is a necessary condition for winning the war, as the author points out. But no solution is to be found in an appeal to American intervention. Miss Mitchell sees the economic background of the problem in terms of the fable that "the cause of Indian poverty is not the rate of population growth but the fact that India is a case of arrested economic development"; if she had considered it in terms of the future relationship between industrialized and agrarian areas, of which imperialism is a historical phase, she would have seen that if India is to be a joint responsibility of the United Nations, so must other problems. There is nothing wrong with the war directives stated in the speeches of American leaders, in which she has such strong faith, but how can they be implemented? Only, it may be suggested, by making the solution of India's problems a test case of the intentions of all the United Nations in economic as well as political matters.

Miss Mitchell's book would have been more valuable if its author had recognized the more "elemental" facts of India's place in what was once a world economy, if she had seen the reactions of British and Indian leaders against that

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background, if she had recognized that Indian agrarian life, like that of China, presents tremendous obstacles to industrialization which did not exist in most European countries. Miss Mitchell, apparently believing that national independence plus industrialization is all that India needs for prosperity, might well have asked herself whether the half-free section of the world, when it triumphs, will organize the world in accordance with nineteenth-century concepts of sovereign states, free to indulge in economic extravagance. In this larger context the political freedom which India must have is a minor issue and far from the major obstacle.

GEORGE E. TAYLOR

Vanished Glories

ANNALS OF THE NEW YORK STAGE. By George C. D. Odell. Volume XIII. Columbia University Press. $8.75.

STUDENTS of theatrical history used sometimes to express a certain amount of admiring wonder concerning the scholarly industry exhibited by the Reverend John Genest in his ten volumes entitled "Some Account of the English Stage: 1660-1832." The more recondite would respond by citing as even more detailed the manuscript volumes for which one Latreille evidently never got a publisher and which finally found refuge in the British Museum. But by comparison with Professor Odell's "Annals," these are mere opuscules, and perhaps the most significant comment to be made on a work too vast to be reviewed is simply to state categorically that there is not any other record of any theatrical epoch anywhere in the world which is even remotely comparable in completeness or, for that matter, comparable in minute accuracy—of which Professor Odell makes such a fetish that he is quite capable of spending days considering the problem presented by the initials of an obscure vaudeville actor of the eighties who does not appear to have been able to keep his own name straight. As the stately volumes appear one after another—handsomely bound, handsomely printed, and each adorned with hundreds of photographic illustrations—the wonder grows; and anyone with a feeling for the dignity of record can hardly fail to get a queer sense of security from the mere contemplation of the shelf which the thirteen volumes so far issued so majestically fill.

The latest, which includes some six hundred large pages of text and more than a hundred double-column pages of index, is devoted to the seasons 1885-88. As usual the author concerns himself not only with the legitimate stage but also with burlesque, variety, concerts, and so on, and includes within his survey not only Manhattan but also Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Queens, and Staten Island. Here, in other words, are not only Ada Rehan, Modjeska, Lily Langtry, and John Drew, but also Lotta, Frank Daniels, and Primrose and West. The period covered includes the declining days of Wallack's Theater and the rise of Daly's.

If any readers wonder what has sustained Professor Odell through his stupendous labors, the answer becomes more and more obvious as he reaches the period to which his own memories go back. In the first place—and though nothing could be less argumentative than his genial, conversational manner—he is obviously anxious to keep alive some memory of the theatrical glories of an epoch which is seldom even mentioned by those whose knowledge and interest is so completely confined to the post-Ibsen epoch that they dismiss as unworthy of consideration a theater which had other aims—though it also had acting of a kind which there is good reason for believing more remarkable than anything the twentieth century has seen. In the second place, it is also obvious that Professor Odell has embarked upon a sort of *recherche du temps perdu* and that the titles of plays, still more the names of actors and of theaters, fill his mind with a memory of past beauties and past delights. The scale and method of the work forbid any lengthy disquisitions, but it is plain that he moves among the performers of the eighties not as a historian but as a contemporary, and even the brief personal touches which he permits himself often serve to evoke in the reader a pleasure which, real as it is, must be only a very small part of what the author is enjoying for himself. In reviewing one of the previous volumes I expressed the wish that Professor Odell might find time for a volume of frankly personal recollections, and I can only repeat the wish here.

Those who are familiar with only the recent stage will be pleased and perhaps surprised to discover how many performers described and pictured in this volume survived on our stage until at least the very recent past.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Way to Begin

A DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO. By Emery Reves. Random House. $1.50.

MR. REVES has here written so much that one must enthusiastically agree with, and written it so well, that it may appear ungracious to emphasize the equally important things he has omitted. Yet I must confess I put his book down with some disappointment, feeling that while he has clarified excellently the necessary role of coercion in organized society and the demand for a new beginning in international thinking and organization, he still has not come to grips with the revolutionary nature of the events through which we are living or with the necessity for releasing the dynamic energy of the democratic idea itself.

He opens his book by saying, "Twenty years after the complete and utter defeat of autocratic and militaristic principles and states, the world is now undergoing the greatest onslaught in history by those same autocratic, militaristic forces." This premise is not only superficial; it is misleading. It reduces both the waging of the war and the consideration of the peace to dimensions that, if accepted as fact, may make us lose the one and bungle the other.

Our goal is a far greater one than the defeat of autocratic and militaristic states, although their defeat is an essential phase of the total struggle. We are living in a time when unprecedented changes in communication have created new patterns of human relationship, more comprehensive in scope and more complex in interdependence than ever before. Our institutions, using the word institutions to mean the formal organizations of our relationships, have not kept pace

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with these changes. They have survived from a simpler, more provincial day. Consequently we are experiencing an intolerable tension between our actual experience as world citizens and our inherited organized provincialism. Because our actual experience can no longer be contained within existing institutions, we are plunged into a revolutionary period when new philosophies, new laws, and new units and plans must replace old social habits—the most revolutionary era since the Renaissance.

Of course we are caught in conflict. Enormous numbers of people stand to profit by the continuance of established institutions and will rally to fight for them. Old gods will not die in their beds. In our upheaval the lines of the new and the old are not always clearly discerned, and in the confusion strange partnerships appear. For instance, Hitler's most potent allies within the democratic countries have been both the frightened guardians of the old order who have been deceived by his counter-revolutionary utterances and eager leftists who have turned to him out of disillusion with their old associates. He himself is a confused mixture of reaction and change, made up of contradictions he has never been able to resolve in his own thinking because he is far more the creature of his period than its creator.

How can anybody ride these tempestuous times to the creation of a good society? Only by releasing the energies of positive democracy which have hitherto been bottled up by the specious politics of compromise. The way to have a democratic world is to build a democratic world. Let us dare to create a genuine political and economic democracy in the United States. Let us give India its freedom. Let us unleash the powers that liberty generates in men, and democracy will raise up its own leaders and inspire their followers with the will to fight and win. The next epoch can be that of free men if we set men free to make it so.

We have been calculating in the granting of liberty. We have measured its exercise with a code of pennies. Now we must make our faith and our practice as daring as our times are decisive. If we do not, democracy will die a semantic death, and its ashes will mingle with those of past governments that withered in the blast of great events.

FRANK KINGDON

How China Fights

CHINA AFTER FIVE YEARS OF WAR. Prepared under the Auspices of the Ministry of Information of the Republic of China. New York: Chinese News Service. $1.

THE average American, even though he is familiar with China, finds it almost impossible to understand the miracle of Chinese resistance. The China which the outside world knew before 1937—Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Hankow, Canton—including all the country's industry and a large part of its richest agricultural land, has been in Japanese hands for years. Yet China has not only held off the powerful Japanese army from its interior provinces but has displayed increasing offensive prowess. How has this come about? What changes have been wrought in the political and economic organization of this one-time "backward" country to enable it to stand up to one of the great military powers of the twentieth century. In contrast to the paucity of official information on war-time developments in most of the belligerent countries, the Chinese government has provided us with a detailed description of the way in which China has organized to meet the Japanese threat. It provides an answer to most of the questions that Americans might want to ask about fighting China.

The preparation of this book reflects the difficulties under which China labors in carrying on the struggle. Because all direct means of communication have been cut, the text of the book, which was prepared in Chungking by members of the staff of the Ministry of Information, was transmitted in full by short wave to this country. It was then edited and printed in New York by the Chinese News Service. The handicaps of preparation have seemingly had no effect on the quality of the job. The book reads as if it had been prepared by an exceptionally able journalist in the most favorable conditions. It is extremely informative and, for a government publication, remarkably candid. And, what is perhaps even more remarkable for a government publication, it conveys something of the spirit behind China's indomitable resistance.

There is little that is relevant that is not covered by the book. It tells how the government was put on a war footing with power centralized in the hands of Chiang Kai-shek, how China's army was modernized and expanded to meet Japan's threat, and how the country's industries were moved and reorganized in the western provinces. The strategy used in several of the more important battles of the war is analyzed. But the most interesting sections of the book are those which tell how the people of China—workers, farmers, and students—have adapted their lives to the harsh requirements of war.

The story of how China's universities have met the test is one of the great epics of our times. Nearly all the country's colleges and universities had to move thousands of miles from coastal areas to China's Far West. In some instances the journey had to be made entirely or in large part on foot. Often these trips were made under Japanese aerial attacks. A surprisingly large part of the equipment was successfully moved, but there was an appalling lack of buildings to house the schools in the remote interior. Today they are largely housed in old temples, barracks, city gates, and rented houses. Many of the students are seriously underfed; they must do their studying in the daytime because they cannot afford to buy oil for lamplight. Yet despite all these handicaps the universities are playing a vital part in China's resistance. And their ability to carry on without even the barest necessities is characteristic of the spirit which has made China unconquerable.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

The *Nation's* Essays

Contributors so far to The Nation's *bi-weekly page of informal literary comment have included Joseph Wood Krutch, Louis Kronenberger, Lionel Trilling, Jacques Barzun, and Louise Bogan. Essays to come include "Poe as a Literary Critic" by Edmund Wilson, "Proust, Gide, and Huxley" by Justin O'Brien, and others.*

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Drama Note

LAST week I ventured the prediction that, so far as the theater goes, the war will be good for business and bad for art. The only new production since then is something called "Vickie" (Plymouth Theater) which abundantly supports my contention. Audiences seem to think it very funny indeed. On the other hand, most of my critical colleagues appear to feel, as I certainly do, that the timely topicality achieved by making the protagonists an inventor and his WAC-y wife is insufficient to turn an obvious rough-and-tumble farce into something else. "Vickie" is the sort of play in which you know that the amorous couple is going to be interrupted in the middle of a kiss by the doorbell and in which, sooner or later, somebody is going to ask, "Who is this guy anyway?" José Ferrer, Uta Hagen, Taylor Holmes, and other well-known people do their best, but it is not enough. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S October list offers still another of Beethoven's great quartets—this time Op. 95, extraordinary in its somberness throughout, its compression and concentration, all of which combine to produce the poignancy and vehemence even of the scherzo, the compactness and violence of the darkly passionate first movement, the compactness and intense, agitated poignancy of the finale. The Budapest Quartet's performance (Set 519, $3.68) is a superb statement of the work in living sound; but Columbia's reproduction of the sound makes it unrecognizably cold, hard, dull (side 4 is much brighter than the rest).

Excellently reproduced on the other hand—with tonal beauty and brilliance, with clarity of definition, with perfect balance—is Rodzinski's performance of Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 520, $5.78). The performance, moreover, has a hard clarity and brilliance which cause me to prefer it to Stokowski's. As for the work itself, there was the possibility that hearing it again after some time I might find more in it than before; but actually the rehearing brought home to me with new force the impotence of the pretentiousness that expresses itself in those fluently gigantic terms.

Other orchestral releases include Strauss's charming "Kaiserwalzer," captivatingly performed by Walter with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony—with the recorded sound of the performance quite normal and agreeable for once (11854-D, $1.05). And Tschaikovsky's "Capriccio italien," one of the poorest of his works, on which Beecham wastes his superb musicianship in a performance with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-229, $2.63). On the limited-range Magnavox machine on which I heard the set the recorded sound of the performance was good.

Then, finally, there is the set (518, $2.89) of arias from Mozart's operas sung by Pons with an orchestra conducted by Walter. They are the Queen of the Night's "Der hölle Rache" from "Die Zauberflöte," "Voi che sapete" from "Figaro," "Ach, ich liebte" and "Welche Wonne" from "The Seraglio," and the Alleluia from the motet "Exultate"; and Pons brings to them the crystalline quality of her small voice, but not the force required by the Queen of the Night's aria, nor the style required by the others. Moreover, she sings the Queen's aria in French, one of the arias from "The Seraglio" in Italian, "Voi che sapete" in French.

Some time ago I argued against the criticism that Toscanini's performances of Schubert's and Beethoven's symphonies were not in the Viennese tradition, questioning whether there was such a tradition and whether it would be binding in any case. My article brought me a letter from a reader who contended that they might be criticized for not being in the Viennese spirit. This, he said, was the relaxed attitude that restrained the performer from driving the music excessively, from giving way to over-excitement, from compressing the music too tightly. When excessive itself the attitude produced the looseness and sprawling expansiveness of certain performances of Bruno Walter; on the other hand "it is [Toscanini's] nature to drive excessively, to step up pace, and to create over-excitement. Nowhere is this more apparent than in his performance of the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Or, since the Viennese spirit is confined not alone to Beethoven's music . . . the first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony." And other examples cited by my reader were the second and fourth movements of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. "In contrast to the fevered performances of Tosca-

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nini I place, as characteristic of the Viennese spirit, the recorded performances of Weingartner."

Some of Toscanini's performances have the compression, tension, nervous excitement that my reader speaks of; but some of them are relaxed: the second movement of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony that my reader mentions may move a little faster than in Weingartner's performance, but it is not tense or excited. Moreover, in some instances where Toscanini's performances have this tension, intensity, excitement, it is open to objection, but in other instances it is not: the turbulence of his recorded performance of the first movement of Mozart's G minor is wrong, but the intensity of his performance of the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth is not. And the reason in each case has nothing to do with Vienna; it has to do with the character of the music. Not all the music written in Vienna is alike; not all of it is relaxed; not all the music that is relaxed is Viennese. True, there is a peculiarly Viennese relaxation; but while we think of its being in Schubert we don't think of its being in Mozart's G minor and Beethoven's Fifth. And as a matter of fact we don't think of its being in all of Schubert—in the C major Symphony, for example.

A few years ago I thought myself that the flaw in Toscanini's wonderful performance of this symphony was its lack of Viennese relaxation; recently I have found the performance wonderful without any qualification; and the other day I encountered the justification of the performance in Ralph Bates's penetrating discussion of the work in his little book on Schubert. "The symphony," he says, "largely achieves its effects by sheer intoxication of persistent rhythms. . . . The whole of the Allegro [first movement] is one vast exercise in rhythmic exploitation. The first subject . . . serves perfectly as a liberator of a steely, racy rhythm. . . . The sudden and unheralded entry of the beautiful second subject, with its own special rhythmic contribution, discloses the aesthetic basis. In this Allegro there must be no slackening of pace in pulseless transitions. The Scherzo even more unambiguously proclaims its object. . . . Again the second subject is introduced breathlessly, and at once its externals are stripped off, so that already in bar 41 the naked, scintillating ardor of string timbre is swinging up and down with enormous power. Even this rhythmic form is later simplified so that the music rises and falls with immense suggestion of a shining piston crosshead and rod, driving an exultant music through time and space. The same is true of the Allegro vivace [finale]. In a certain sense this is not Art, for there is no music which gives such a revelation of astronomic grandeur in its external, pulsing sameness of beauty. . . . It is the termination of this music which is so awe-inspiring. . . . The huge *fff* climax sinks rapidly to a *ppp* . . . there is no slackening of pace as the triplet figure begins to create one of the most astonishing splendors in music. It is as if we were borne up on that pulsating atom of rhythm, above the world and out from its limits over the cold purity of universal space, as if we beheld the circling of worlds and the laws they manifest." Toscanini's performance is that of a man who has this understanding of the work.

B. H. HAGGIN

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THE Nation

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What Dies Is Up to

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE story of Martin Dies and his committee is told at length in this issue. It is a sensational and scandalous story. In some of its details it is amusing. It will, I suspect, make many people mad. For most Americans, however little they may worry about political theory, have a strong distaste for unfair behavior. They don't admire blows landed below the belt; they don't think men and women should be attacked and given no chance to defend themselves; they don't like to see old, respected democratic procedures made a joke of by men sworn to defend them. And so the easiest and most obvious way to attack Dies is to expose his unscrupulous methods and trust the natural instinct of the public for legality and fair play to bring about a change.

But this method of attack has its dangers. Too much emphasis on the bad behavior of Dies and his committee tends to distract attention from the purposes that dictate such behavior. It is what Dies is up to that counts—Dies and the group that backs him. For that reason the material gathered in this issue is not merely the story of a reactionary politician who happens to be conducting a normal Congressional investigation in a rather high-handed manner. It is the record of American fascism in action.

The Dies committee is an agency of political civil war. It is not going to use legitimate methods of inquiry because inquiry is not its purpose. (One might as well ask a People's Court in Germany to observe democratic judicial forms.) The purpose of the Dies committee is not to discover and expose subversive groups and individuals. Its purpose—its specific political purpose—is to discredit and if possible destroy the New Deal and the progressive elements in the national Administration, including especially the President of the United States. And that, in turn, is only the immediate practical expression of a much larger purpose, which is the destruction of progressive tendencies in American life as a whole.

That is why the committee has gone out of its way to attack on the flimsiest grounds the new administrative agencies that are chiefly responsible for the conduct of the war. Congress is as it is—at least until after the coming elections. While the departments vary, their personnel remains relatively constant, though the progressive spirit has permeated the best of them. But the agencies—especially the war agencies—have in many cases attracted men of energy and a liberal point of view. They are the seed-bearers of the democratic future, if there is to be one. It is no accident that Dies, or his Man Friday, Matthews, should have selected the Board of Economic Warfare for perhaps his most unscrupulous attacks. Headed by one of the true democrats of our time, Vice-President Wallace, directed by a dynamic progressive, Milo Perkins, this board has powers which may help to shape the economy of the peace as well as of the war. When Dies tried to discredit this board by mistakenly attributing Communist-front connections to one of its ex-banker members and by shamelessly digging up a harmless book on nudism to ruin the reputation of another of its staff, he was acting on a sound fascist instinct.

That one of his shots miscarried isn't very important. What is important is the fact that his unscrupulous smearing has succeeded in terrorizing practically every agency in the government. A man or woman who was ever on one of the letterheads from which Dies lifts the names of his victims or who is listed in the famous network of the lately exposed Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling is by that token considered ineligible for most appointments. It takes a stout-hearted, tough-hided administrator to pick his staff without regard to their standing in the Social Register of Martin Dies.

Some of the results of the Dies terror have crept into the newspapers. The resignation of Maurice Parmelee from the Board of Economic Warfare and of Malcolm Cowley from the Office of Facts and Figures were among the published triumphs of Dies over decency. But few people know of the hundreds of able men and women

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whose names have been proposed for jobs and then dropped, or have not even been proposed, because the shadow of the Dies inquisition lies across the administrator's desk in every agency.

Matters should improve now that the Department of Justice has exposed the hollowness of the charges leveled by the committee against government employees. But will they? Agencies want to dodge trouble and get ahead with their work, and only the other day an official in one of them who called me to inquire about an applicant for a job told me they couldn't be bothered with him if he had had any connection with organizations on the Dies black list.

Whether all its members know it or not, the Dies committee is as authentic and ugly a manifestation of American fascism as Huey Long, or Gerald Winrod, whose appearance before the committee was mysteriously canceled at the last minute, or Father Coughlin, whom Dies never could be induced to investigate at all.

Don't remind me that he poked into the affairs of the Bund or questioned one or two native fascists. Of course he did—just enough of them to hold his franchise. After all, fascism is not yet triumphant in America; even a Dies has to go through the motions of pretending to be a democrat. Dies could afford to investigate a Fritz Kuhn or a Deatherage. Or rather, he couldn't afford not to. His bias is patent to you and me; though apparently it is not patent to the average Congressman. But even a less-than-average Congressman might knit his brow if he noticed that, in a time when the United States was becoming embroiled in a life-and-death struggle with international fascism, the one Congressional committee purporting to inquire into "subversive activities" left fascists and Nazis alone and devoted itself strictly to the job of smearing New Dealers and branding as Communists any progressive who ever signed a statement attacking William Randolph Hearst or gave $5 to Loyalist Spain.

Dies investigated—if so honorable a word can continue to be used for the sloppy, gossip-column technique of his committee—the irreducible minimum of his fellow-fascists. But the people he set out to save his country from were the liberals, the progressives, the pro-labor, pro-New Deal democrats. He called them Communists, and he got his appropriations from Congress and nice approving-with-qualifications editorials in the press, and he persuaded an astonishingly wide public—just as Hitler did before him—that he was saving it from the ravages of revolution. He not only succeeded in doing this; he succeeded in making people afraid of him. He created the remarkable myth, and sold it to his fellow-Congressmen, that to oppose Dies was to support Stalin. And many a legislator who privately attacked Dies, or at least deplored his "methods," lost his nerve when the moment came to vote no.

But this happened in Germany, too, while Hitler was on the road to power. Remember? The great press, even the liberal press, feared to attack the rising Hitler openly, though his plug-uglies were beating up honest people in the streets and his anti-Semitism was a stink in the nostrils of the world. The decent German papers deplored this and that—his "methods," his attacks on Jews; they may even have questioned the accuracy of his assertion that Germany was about to be captured by communism. But they let the central menace grow. And so Germany was captured by Hitlerism instead. And Hitler's gentle opponents—the deplorers, the questioners, the civil libertarians—were either taken over or chucked into concentration camps, where their passion for tolerance wouldn't interfere with the rising New Order.

Don't mistake me. Dies is no Hitler. He is an ambitious, reactionary Southern politician. He has not even much of a following in his own state or he would have come in better than fourth in a four-man race for the Senate. Dies is not important as a man or a politician. He is important as a symbol of forces that have been mobilized to defeat our hope of a democratic America, a victorious war, and a people's peace. Dies speaks for a reaction that is today engaged in civil war. And he speaks effectively. We must not fool ourselves with talk about methods and rights and proper Congressional procedures. Dies is not performing a democratic function badly; he is performing an anti-democratic maneuver well. His every move is an act of war. His committee is a camouflaged pillbox in the fascist fight for control of our democracy. It needs to be stormed and overthrown—not reformed.

Forum for Fascists

"I submit that the Dies committee, on the face of the record, has shown itself not to be entitled to continuation. I submit that the committee has demonstrated itself to be the foe of groups the government is trying to unite in the war effort . . . the creator of internal confusion, hubbub, and disunity; the implacable antagonist of the New Deal; the avoider of fair judicial and committee procedure; the exemplar of marked solicitude in its treatment of American fascists; the grantor of the committee forum as a platform from which Jew-baiters, crackpots, and totalitarians identified with fascist organizations spouted their nauseating nostrums. These and many other attributes, omissions, and commissions of the committee make it in my judgment deserving of a quiet and not too well-heralded funeral."—Representative John Coffee, Washington.

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Background of a Demagogue

BY WILLSON WHITMAN

BY THE time the North could measure the menace of Huey Long, Louisiana's leader was dead and buried. To informed Southerners, Yankees have seemed equally slow on the uptake about Long's neighbor, Martin Dies.

Dies, lacking Long's intermittent but genuine concern for the common man, skipped the build-up of a state machine and started his career with the anti-New Deal Southern ring in Washington. Working with such Republicans as Clare Hoffman, Hamilton Fish, and J. Parnell Thomas, this ring—led by the ghost of John Nance Garner—has Cox of the Rules Committee for strategist and Byrd and Smith for business managers. Dies is its loud speaker, and well-meaning Yankees who ask the Rules Committee to abolish the Dies committee need to give more study to slick Southern teamwork.

Martin Dies comes from a country with a grievance. To repeat that the South has been a hard-up colony of the North since the Civil War may be tiresome, but as long as we have a freight differential it is true. A fascist-minded South is the product of freight differentials, wage differentials, and a financial discrimination which breeds more discrimination all along the line. You cannot convince a Southern business man that there is enough for everybody and that he need not grab from poor folks or jockey for privileges in Washington. In his experience there has never been enough since Sherman burned the factories and wrapped iron rails around pine trees.

You cannot even make a present-day Southerner fight big business on the ground that it is Yankee business; he knows when he's licked. Reversing the pattern of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the absentee landlord is now a Yankee corporation, with Simon Legree succeeeded by a Southerner grateful for the job of overseer.

Texas, second richest state, should be least subject to the South's inferiority complex, but in Texas corporation influence is especially strong. In the Dies district, a region of cut-over timber, washed-out cotton fields, and pumped-out oil wells along the Louisiana line, the money is in the hands of big oil refiners, now enjoying a war boom.

Martin Dies grew up a politician. Southerners with gumption enough to see that the country's business is run by Northern corporations either move North or go into politics. In Dies's case the decision was made in an earlier generation; his father was a Congressman, and while young Martin was going to the university in Georgetown he was also learning the oily ropes of Texas politics as his father's secretary. He was a Congressional baby when he succeeded to his father's seat.

Starting early and staying in office, the young Southern politician can give cards and spades to his Yankee colleagues. Southerners play for keeps, and if, like the Irish, they don't always play fair, it is because government has meant for them, too, the rule of a foreign conqueror. They learned corruption from the carpetbaggers and the occupying army of Ben Butler.

Southerners make much of grandfathers, but nobody in Texas knows about the Dies family two generations back. Martin Dies senior spoke with the self-consciousness and the ornery, acrid cynicism of a Southerner only a few jumps ahead of the white-trash class. An enlarged photograph of his father, prominent in the Dies office, testifies to the present Congressman's yearning for ancestral background.

Conscious that he is not quite "quality folk" by Southern standards, Martin Dies has to ally himself with the right side—the side of business, not of working people; of native-born white churchgoers, not of foreigners, Jews, or Negroes. Respectability means opposing not merely labor unions but "communistic" consumer cooperatives and social-betterment agencies.

Martin Dies is economically shrewd. Anybody is smart who can rise from a $1,500-a-year small-town law practice to a $10,000-a-year job, and hold the job. But really smart people learn how to get along without spending their own money, and Representative Dies has learned this. In addition to his Congressional salary, most of his expenses are chargeable to the taxpayers; so are his mistakes, even to libel costs. His ghost writer, J. B. Matthews, is paid by the people, although fees for magazine articles and lectures go to Mr. Dies. Bills for printing and mailing his propaganda are also paid from public funds.

Representative Dies is, presumably, too smart to take checks or stock or any other form of emolument from the corporations whose interests his policies serve, and which have supported him ever since he started his political career. But it is hard to rule out friendly family relations, and Dies's Uncle Jack is vice-president of the Humble Oil and Refining Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The Dies committee has won approval from people willing to pay half a million dollars for its continuation; the chairman told the House as much when there was some opposition to a trifling $100,000 appropriation.

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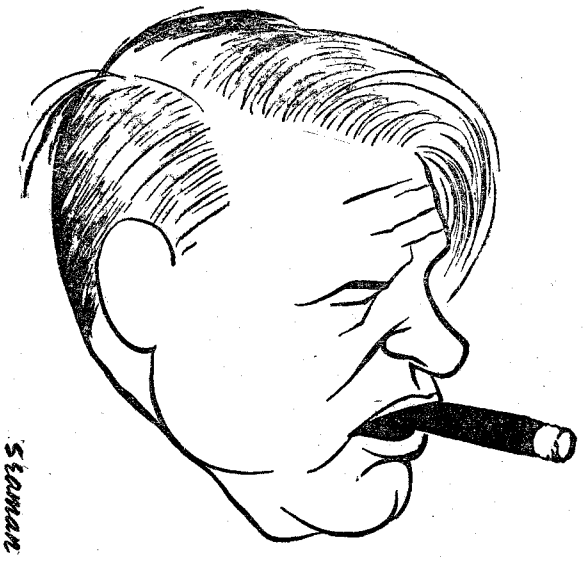

Martin Dies

Martin Dies is a nationalist. That can represent progress in the backwoods, where a man from the next county is a foreigner. The people of Dies's district are 99 per cent native, and the white folks are mostly of "pure Anglo-Saxon descent." In Dies's boyhood the district included a penitentiary, afterward an insane asylum, which housed a few aliens from other parts of the state; but this would only suggest that a foreigner must be either criminal or crazy. Martin Dies didn't get abroad in the last war, and once proposed more stringent passport restrictions to keep Americans safe at home. He did little traveling in this country until his committee could foot the bill.

Dies's predecessor, Representative John C. Box, was credited with originating the politically tactful quota system of immigration; but Dies's own efforts have been to bar the gates completely against "foreign hordes" and to keep "America for the Americans." His father bitterly opposed Wilson's League of Nations. In 1934, when the nationalist tide was rising again, young Martin signed a magazine article entitled Nationalism Spells Safety, in which he confessed that he was "disgusted with all this unintelligible jargon about internationalism." In speeches made in recent years he has consistently seen less danger to the country from invasion by foreign armies than from "foreign influences" and "the invasion of foreign ideas."

Martin Dies is anti-labor. His father fulminated against the Colorado mine strike and thought that Champ Clark and Oscar Underwood, as well as Bryan and Wilson, had sold out to socialism. Martin junior began his Congressional career as Garner's fair-haired boy in the fight on the NRA and the wage-hour bills. Having proposed an investigation of sitdown strikes as "un-American," he naturally regarded his Committee on un-American Activities as an assignment to "scotch rattlesnakes" among C. I. O. organizers, blacklist members of aggressive unions, and smear the NLRB.

Martin Dies gives aid and comfort to anti-Semitic groups. He has made flowery speeches to Jewish organizations, but look at the anti-Semitic organizations, from the Klan to the Crusaders, which support him; read, in his book, how the Trojan horse was "led in by a refugee"; consider his committee's proposal to stop immigration from Europe at a time when the immigrants were mainly refugees from the Reich; and note that his statement, "This is a Christian nation," was approved by William Dudley Pelley as "Silvershirtism at its best."

Martin Dies is anti-Negro. When George Deatherage said to the Dies committee, "I am bigoted enough to believe in white supremacy," the chairman blushed at the word "bigoted." In his district the poll tax disfranchises some 70,000 Negroes. His committee has sought to identify poll-tax repeal with the Communist program.

Martin Dies is a master of ballyhoo. His father won praise from Yankee newspapers by calling Wilson a power-crazed czar, leading the country to ruin. By smearing labor and the New Deal, Martin junior made news acceptable to 85 per cent of the papers in the country. Like Dexter Fellowes, Dies had a show the editors enjoyed, with the G. O. P. elephant to do tricks for him. And his publicity is notable for perfect timing and smart use of space.

The timing has been right not only for elections but for appropriations; each time he wants more money he takes so many inches of type, and because he asked for millions, his biggest appropriation was headlined a "reduction." Good timing also distinguishes his warfare against labor and the New Deal. Attacks on union organizers are synchronized with contract negotiations, and red influence in the Administration is charged at the crises of debate on such important measures as neutrality repeal or price control.

Geographically, Dies press releases distribute their fire, promising juicy local revelations but confining discussion to distant dangers. In Washington Dies talks of German airports along the Rio Grande; in Texas, of threats to Philadelphia shipyards.

Quick to take advantage of or to invent news tie-ups, he is also good at balancing blunders with fresh promises and meeting a rebuke with impertinence. When the President criticized Dies's early use of his committee to defeat Murphy in Michigan, Dies managed in one sentence to insult the Chief Executive and a future Justice of the Supreme Court: "It would have been wrong to shield Governor Murphy simply because he was a Democrat and a strong friend of the President."

The most serious damage done by Dies publicity was of course to warn the Bund of impending investigations in time to permit removal of records. This pattern of the telegraphed punch—announcement of raids to come, followed by failure to find the missing papers—occurred

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in city after city, despite Justice Department protests and Presidential warnings. Bund leader Fritz Kuhn was not summoned by the committee until a year after a Bund investigation was promised. By that time he had been arrested by New York state authorities, on FBI evidence, but Dies claimed and still claims credit.

Martin Dies uses publicity to poison public opinion against Russia. His book says much about the Trojan-horse technique; from the start his investigation minimized Axis activities by emphasizing the menace of Moscow. In vain the President asserted, and Gallup figures showed, that the country wanted an investigation of Nazis; and Maury Maverick warned that political investigations "always complimented the Germans because there were so many Germans but gave the Russians hell." Dies himself said for publication that Nazi influence, rumored to be backed by "large industrialists" (never again mentioned), would be considered first, with Communist influence second, and "Spanish and Chinese propaganda third." Nevertheless, the investigation proceeded, until Germany declared war on the United States, in the proportions of the Dies book. Twenty-one out of twenty-eight chapters of "The Trojan Horse in America" are on communism, two on the Bund, one on the Pelley brand of fascism, and one on the Italian brand. Japan doesn't even get a chapter, while Falange and White Ukrainian activities go unmentioned.

After false emphasis comes confusion as a device to mislead. The multiplicity of Dies's charges was bound to obscure real issues; the investigation was spread over consumer groups, charities, relief associations, a Negro university. Dies even offered to investigate various government agencies and did send investigators into TVA territory, while he himself went to Hollywood to hunt for Moscow agents. Where no affiliation could be found, it was always possible to leave a dirty thumb-print: "From the evidence before us we are not in a position definitely to state whether or not the American Civil Liberties Union can properly be classed as a Communist organization." But "linking" and "branding" come easy to a man capable of asserting that "Joseph Stalin . . . directs an international spy ring with one hand and a local legislative lobby for cheaper milk with the other."

Finally, a favorite Dies device is simple substitution of Communist for Nazi, or vice versa, in keeping with the Dies doctrine that the "red and brown Führers" are Siamese twins. In an early debate on the Bund he said, "I'm no alarmist. I'm not inclined to look under every bed for a Communist." Throughout the hearings he often interrupted or led witnesses to say that facts brought out about the Axis must have a Communist counterpart—"and of course the same tactics are pursued by Russia." During the Mexican elections of 1940 he warned of red plots to intervene by force of arms, when he must have known that the threats of violence were coming from the fascist supporters of General Almazán, who was in turn supported by the oil companies hiring Dies's Uncle Jack.

Martin Dies makes a dangerous appeal to the ignorant. His flag-waving oratory was made to order for Hearst headlines; his accents appeal to joiners, and joiners appeal to him. At one time he planned a "League for Peace and Americanism," similar to Senator Reynolds's Vindicators, which was to agitate for "jobs for Americans" and the deportation of aliens and against immigration and the sending of American troops to fight on foreign soil.

Having been feted by Westchester society, hailed at a hotel dinner in New York as "the Sir Galahad of American politics," and mentioned for the Presidency by Father Coughlin, Dies must be excused for cherishing the highest hopes for his own future. Nobody except him really thinks he could be President; he couldn't even attain his early ambition to be party leader in the House. But his fan mail has Congress scared.

To sentimental patriots, the favorite Dies appeal is that of the martyr. His life is threatened, his children may be kidnapped, his files must be guarded because he has fearlessly exposed the enemies of our country. Any defeat is due to the enemy. When the House declined his proposal to investigate strikes, "this showed the power wielded by the Communists and their fellow-travelers during that period." When ninety-eight clergymen and religious leaders asked Congress to cut off the Dies funds, they "had permitted themselves to be used by Browder." When Treasury agents discovered that Dies owed back taxes, he told admirers, "We are facing a serious situation. . . ."

Martin Dies's committee is a dangerous approach to an American Gestapo. On Dies's own testimony it does not conflict with the FBI because it investigates the strictly legal activities of persons who cannot be indicted as criminals, persons described in the records as "well-meaning innocents," honest liberals," and "ordinary middle-class citizens." But Dies expense vouchers show payments to informers and spies, trucking charges for the seizure of records, and rentals for listening-posts and dictaphones. At committee headquarters it is admitted that lists of names will be furnished to responsible authorities who make proper written application to the chairman—that is, will be furnished to employers compiling black lists.

The committee urges its own black list upon government agencies. One war-agency executive says that Dies intimidation now forces administrators to hire mediocre, "safe" help in preference to more efficient progressives, because you can't have inquisitors disrupting the staff.

Martin Dies is hostile to progress in government. He has argued repeatedly for "class tolerance," meaning, apparently, acceptance by Americans of fixed financial

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and social stratification. He has devoted much committee time to investigating persons who worked against child labor and for social-security laws and other elementary reforms. His present hope is to use the war to defeat reform; "Many people think we can preserve our social gains and defeat Hitler. It cannot be done," he told the House.

Naturally he feels that minorities have no rights worth mentioning. "For years they [the Communists] have been building up this utterly senseless idea of civil rights," he complains. He has long urged outlawing the Communist Party and all organizations "linked" to it by his committee. "In France they're executing the Communists," he noted with approval, shortly before France fell. Nor are majority rights, as expressed at the polls, too sacred to the Dies mind. Americans, Dies is fond of saying, derive their fundamental rights "from God and not from governments, dictators, kings, and majorities." Here the danger is the assumed partnership between Dies and Deity; bouncing up after a Roosevelt reproof, he declared, "I shall not swerve from the path of duty as God gives me the light to see it."

Martin Dies is opposed to the present war. But lacking the courage of his father, who lost his Congressional seat after voting against World War I, he won't admit it. The present Congressman Dies is smart enough to support the war where it shows; he has supported Roosevelt the same way. He managed to snipe at England in speeches while voting for lend-lease and has admitted that he does not favor lend-lease aid to Russia. His bitterness against the Soviet Union brought from Congressman Sumners a reminder that one doesn't insult an ally. As for the Japanese, his press statement that committee revelations might have prevented Pearl Harbor was officially denied by the State Department and was unsupported by subsequent committee publications. In a speech delivered at New Orleans in October, 1941, he dismissed the Japanese as "just a bluff."

No conscientious objector to war, he can fairly be called an isolationist. Everything in his philosophy opposes a people's war and will oppose a peace based on collective security. In 1938 he was warning that Communist propaganda for collective security might get us into war; his committee was especially bitter against the Loyalists in Spain. As late as 1940 he was investigating, or promising to investigate, the efforts of the Chinese, French, and British to make America unneutral.

Texans are fighting folk who ask about a man's own war record, in or out of Congress. In the last war Martin Dies was too young to be drafted, although many young Texans of his age enlisted. He is not too old for the present war, but his health doesn't even permit him to attend closely to his Congressional job. Suspicious Southerners note that the Dies health is variable, sending him, in time of political crisis, to the hospital, to Florida, or to his Texas farm.

J. B. Matthews—the Informer

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

J. B. MATTHEWS, a former Communist, is the strong right arm of Martin Dies. In private he is Dies's closest adviser; in public his most fawning admirer. Although he bears only the unimposing title of Research Director, he does more work than all the regular committee members put together. If Matthews had not come on the scene late in 1938, the committee might have been voted out of existence. It was fast becoming an embarrassment to Congress and a joke to the press. Matthews's testimony, a three-day orgy of self-reproach, put it back on the front pages, and his work as a staff member has kept it there ever since. In return he has been given a free hand to run the greatest smear campaign in American history.

A tall, rangy man, domineering and endlessly argumentative, Matthews is ideally suited to the job. As red-baiters, Dies and the rest of the committee know what they want, but they have no grasp of the movements they pretend to investigate. Matthews has known most of them from the inside and knows just when and how he can scuttle the truth. Left to themselves, Dies, Starnes, and Thomas would bungle things beyond repair; they could make no sense at all of the left-wing documents which are Matthews's tools. But Matthews is an industrious fanatic who will burrow forever in impossible magazines like the *Party Organizer*. In almost every way Dies and Matthews are as conveniently mated as Jack Spratt and his wife. Dies has political ability and power; Matthews has energy and knowledge. Dies is easygoing, but he has a way with the public; Matthews has the intensity and craftiness for behind-the-scenes intrigue. In their personal relations Dies looks up to Matthews as a man of sound religion and vast learning who, unlike most intellectuals, is willing to make reactionary politics a career. He was pleased as punch when Matthews, in writing "The Trojan Horse in America," stuffed the Troy metaphor with high-sounding allusions from Greek history. Matthews, although he privately considers Dies

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an oaf, is willing to play the sycophant in order to use Dies's political prestige, achieved largely with his help, for his own ends.

Most informers are moved either by spite against their former friends or by a simple desire to save their own hides. Matthews is inspired by a spite so great that it has become an almost disinterested zeal. If he were, as many suppose, nothing but an opportunist, he would probably be hoist by his own petard, but he happens to be a political psychopath who believes implicitly in the rightness of his mission. Because he was first compromised by the Communists and then cast off by them, his sentiments were, in the first flush of anger, not unlike those of a lady who has given her guarded virtue and the best years of her life to a faithless lover. Being a man who has always lived by religions and ideologies, however, he soon came to see his old associates not only as persons but as representatives of a set of ideas. And so his hatred now includes every piece of the Marxist dogma and anything remotely like it. When the Dies committee asks Matthews for something with which to smear a government official, the chances are that it is just out for the blood of another New Dealer. But for the Research Director the task is one of high importance. Every liberal he uncovers is another Turk brought low in his crusade to save the Republic from what he calls, with fitting vagueness, "the general idea of collectivism." If his files, which consist principally of old letterheads, rifled mailing lists, and back numbers of radical magazines, show that a man spoke up for Loyalist Spain in 1937, Matthews will not hesitate to write him down as a Communist in 1942. He may not hold with such logic himself, but that is not the point. He has said time and again that he considers it weak-minded to distinguish the radical heresies one from another. In his autobiography he wrote: "I believe that . . . a demagogue, by whatever political name, who deliberately seeks to prejudice the public mind against business . . . is as dangerous as any Communist to the welfare of America." And again: "I *know* that conservatives who would oppose successfully the left-wing illusions of our time must drop their divisive interpretations of what lies back of the Communist and Socialist movements." From which it follows that for Matthews it is enough that a man once supported Loyalist Spain or spoke harshly of the utilities. But, of course, it is not enough for the public, and that is why "Communist" or "fellow-traveler" is added.

Joseph Brown Matthews was born forty-eight years ago in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, to a former school teacher and a Singer sewing-machine salesman. Republican in politics, Methodist in religion, the family wanted young Matthews cut to their pattern. But at Asbury College, in Wilmore, Kentucky, where he studied ancient languages, he fell indirectly under the influence of the Christian liberals of his day, men like David Starr Jordan and John R. Mott. He spent the years of the First World War teaching their gospel, along with some arithmetic and penmanship, at a Chinese school in Java called Tiong Hoa Hwe Koan. On the side he did some missionary work with the Javanese and mastered enough of the Malay language to render the Methodist hymnal and a book by Henry Van Dyke into that difficult tongue.

His stay in Java outlasted the war by a few years. He returned here to devote his full time to the study and teaching of the antiquities. At Columbia he worked under A. V. Williams Jackson, the great orientalist, and he taught Hebrew, Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Aramaic at several freshwater colleges in the South and Middle West. Academic colleagues recall that he had a quick, if conventional, linguistic mind. He still maintains a scholarly interest in languages, and occasionally, when there is not much going on around the Dies committee, he bolsters his $7,200-a-year income by doing some translations for the State Department. But in that period—the middle twenties—his social conscience was developing rapidly, and he found himself more and more concerned with the problems of war and race relations. He joined several pacifist organizations, and in 1924, while teaching at Scarritt College, he did a yeoman's job lining up Tennessee votes for the La Follette-Wheeler ticket.

J. B. Matthews

If it had not been for the unfortunate sequence in which he received two telegrams on a June day in 1929, Matthews might be spending his middle age as a university scholar of modest abilities and liberal inclinations. One wire was from the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a New York pacifist group, and it offered him the post of executive secretary. The other, which came a few hours later, was from Drew University, a Methodist school in New Jersey, and it asked him to accept the chair of Hebrew. Matthews would have preferred to take the teaching job and help the cause in his spare time, but he had already committed himself to the non-resisters by the time the second telegram arrived. Today he traces his subsequent misfortunes back to that fateful day, and his victims may well do the same with theirs.

As a radical leader in Tennessee Matthews had shown a real flair for oratory and some facility as a writer, but he had no opportunity to try his hand at the kind of

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palace politics which lends spice and a sense of importance to so many unimportant movements. In New York he discovered that his talent for meddling verged almost on genius. When he testified before the Dies committee he named ninety-four left-wing groups with which he had been associated over a period of seven years. Five months after he went to work for the pacifists, he joined the Socialist Party. A year later he was almost expelled by the Socialists for consorting too much with the Communists. Like Heywood Broun, who was then his friend, he always made his exit by the door to the left. Indeed, he was often so unreasonably radical, so eager to flaunt his views and boast of his daring, that many people who knew him then believe now that he was a provocateur instructed by the government or some other agency to enter left-wing movements and commit their members to incriminating statements. On the basis of present evidence that seems a mistaken view of the matter. Extremes have always attracted him. Today he is more bitterly and proudly reactionary than Martin Dies himself.

In any event, Matthews flourished as a politician, and kept on moving closer to the Communists. "The winter of 1932," he has written, "found me prepared to become a full-fledged fellow-traveler." He had long since abandoned the meek philosophy of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, which still employed him, and in the Socialist Party he associated himself with a group that was dissatisfied with the moderate policies of Norman Thomas and wished to replace him with a leader who would be more willing to cooperate with the Communists. He went to Russia in the summer of 1932, the year of the great famine in the Ukraine. "I even saw with my own eyes such appalling sights of poverty as would move the coldest heart." When he came back he wrote an article, published in the *Daily Worker,* denying that there had been any famine. He now says that neither then nor later was he an actual member of the Communist Party. Probably not, but as he is always so quick to point out, the line that separates Communists who carry membership cards from those who do not is all but invisible. In 1933 Earl Browder had enough confidence in him to make him chairman of the United States Congress Against War, later the American League Against War and Fascism, and still later the American League for Peace and Democracy. By far the most ambitious Communist enterprise ever set up in this country, the American League became, in the years before the war, an important instrument of Russian foreign policy. It is unthinkable that anyone but a trustworthy Communist would have been allowed to lead it.

The material rewards of service to radical causes are seldom great. Matthews had a wife and children to support. He solved the problem in 1932 by accepting a part-time executive position with Consumers' Research at a salary that took care of his family's needs. Consumers' Research was radical only in the sense that it was a help to the little man and a nuisance to business. Its director, F. J. Schlinck, had no political connections and believed in government by the technological élite. Nevertheless, Matthews felt that he could work there without damage to his Marxist conscience. If anyone scoffed, he elaborated a theory, strictly his own, of "consumer communism." Apparently he was convincing, for several other Communists got jobs at Consumers' Research, and by 1935 they had decided either to gain control of it or wreck it and start a movement of their own. A strike of the employees was called in the autumn of that year, and Matthews, as an executive, was on the spot. The issues of the strike are still obscured by the policies of both sides, but a few facts are clear. The strikers had a legitimate grievance. Many technicians were paid only $13 a week and some had been fired for complaining. On the other hand, no one could doubt that the Communist leaders were moved less by pity for the worker than by envy of the organization's success. They will always endure meager rations for a cause they want to succeed. At any rate the strike was a partial success. The strikers did not win their demands, but they won enough public sympathy to start a rival organization, Consumers' Union. But Matthews, whose desire for security proved greater than his revolutionary fervor, had fought the strikers bitterly. His position with the Communists was intolerable; he quit them for good.

For two years before he turned up on the witness stand of the Dies committee Matthews meditated and sulked. After all the wrangling and conniving of the past ten years he looked fondly back at his old Kentucky home and saw great virtues in it. Nostalgia mounted to passion and then, exultantly, he wrote: "I had an inheritance of conservative traditions. Now, after almost twenty-five years of political nomadism, I am back at the beginning. But political and economic conservatism is no longer merely an inheritance. It is a personal faith." Still a joiner, he began looking for movements in which he could express his new convictions. He found plenty. Instead of denouncing fascists from Communist platforms, he began denouncing Communists from fascist platforms. He became a star speaker for American Patriots, Inc., an organization which was run by Allen Zoll. He worked at the League for Constitutional Government, distributor of such items as the "Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion" and Elizabeth Dilling's "Red Network." His own turgid autobiography, "Odyssey of a Fellow-Traveler," was published by John Cecil, who as head of the National Immigration Board spends his energies trying to keep out anti-Nazi refugees on the ground that they are all Jewish Communists. An article by Matthews was published in *Anti-Komintern,* organ of the German Foreign Office. Another was proudly displayed by *Social Justice.*

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In Washington Matthews has become more than just the brains of the Dies committee. Even if the committee is run out of business, he is likely to turn up again as the guiding spirit of some other Dies campaign. His success in working for Dies has made him a tower of strength for the whole Tory bloc in the House, and he has had a hand in several of their campaigns, particularly those against labor. Matthews has come a long way. The former fighter for Negro rights is a henchman of poll-tax Congressmen; the former professor of Hebrew is a friend of anti-Semites; the former pacifist, Socialist, and Communist works with fascists.

History of a Hoax

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

FACT-FINDING through the process of investigation by Congressional committees is one of the necessities of our form of government. Framers of the Constitution wisely made provision for use of the subpoena power by the legislative branch as a way of getting information needed for intelligent law-making. This power has been used often and, for the most part, wisely. On occasion it has been used brilliantly.

Indeed, brilliant use of the inquisitorial power of Congress has established one of the American government's brightest traditions and obscured occasional misuse of the subpoena by Congressional committees. The tradition sparkles with such names as Pujo, Hughes, Walsh, Pecora, and Black. The Teapot Dome investigation exposed graft and put a stop to it. The Senate banking investigation exposed abuses in the financial system and brought reforms.

We have come to think of Congressional investigation as a wholly satisfactory way of periodic self-examination. If the body politic has accumulated toxic waste, investigation will indicate a purge. If there is a malignant growth, it will indicate surgery. We shall not go too far wrong, our government processes will not be allowed to become too obsolescent, if the people's representatives have access to this X-ray.

The Special House Committee on un-American Activities, otherwise known as the Dies committee, has committed many sins since its formation in 1938. It has shown contempt for the constitutionally guaranteed rights of the people. Its methods have been a disgrace to the Congress whose delegated power it misuses. Its conclusions have been so warped as to justify the charge of deliberate falsification. But its greatest sin has been its sin against the tradition of Congressional investigation.

As outlined by Representative Martin Dies in the spring session of 1938, when the resolution that later established the committee's power was introduced, the purposes of the investigation were perfectly proper. The sweeping nature of the resolution itself was criticized at the time by several members of the House. Nevertheless, the broad grant of power was indicated by the character of the subject to be investigated. Dies said he merely wanted to look into the activities of such subversive organizations as the German-American Bund.

Maury Maverick, then a brash young Congressman from Dies's Texas, warned that the House could expect "the greatest fishing expedition Congress has ever undertaken," but the resolution was adopted by voice vote. This resolution is still the committee's basic grant of power. It provides for "an investigation of (1) the extent, character, and objects of un-American propaganda activities in the United States; (2) the diffusion within the United States of subversive and un-American propaganda that is instigated from foreign countries or of a domestic origin and attacks the principle of the form of government as guaranteed by our Constitution; and (3) all other questions in relation thereto that would aid Congress in any remedial legislation."

Four years have elapsed since this fishing expedition started. The newspaper space covered by accounts of the committee's exploits probably would blanket the whole state of Texas. From the point of view of Chairman Dies, the inquiry has been successful beyond his wildest dreams. He is a national figure, not just an obscure gentleman from Texas with a talent for legislative log-rolling and cloakroom banter. His committee has heckled, harassed, and obstructed the New Deal, with which Dies has never been sympathetic. It has even had a hand in defeating New Deal candidates for important elective office. It has accumulated so much favorable publicity that members of the House, many if not most of whom would like to choke off an investigation that has become systematic persecution of liberals and liberal causes, including New Dealers and their projects, are afraid to come out against it.

About all this one finds little difference of opinion in Washington. Dies has a small group of articulate defenders and apologists in the House, led by the spitfire reactionary from Georgia, Eugene Cox, but he has lost caste with the rank and file of Congressmen. Yet most members of the House, it is safe to assume, credit him

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with one worth-while achievement. Most of them will tell you that Dies has done the nation, and even the cause of liberalism, a service by revealing and making generally known the operating methods of the Communists—how they steer front organizations composed principally of liberal innocents, how they burrow into the unions, and how they serve the foreign policy of the Kremlin.

If Dies could properly be credited with this, then many non-Marxist liberals probably would agree that he had performed a service. Actually, Dies accomplished no such thing. The American Communists have revealed themselves in these last four years. No liberal, however innocent, is innocent enough to misunderstand an organization that shifted from collective security to isolationism and back again while Russia was first combating the Nazis by peaceful propaganda, then entering into a non-aggression pact with Berlin, and finally fighting the Nazis magnificently from the White to the Black Sea.

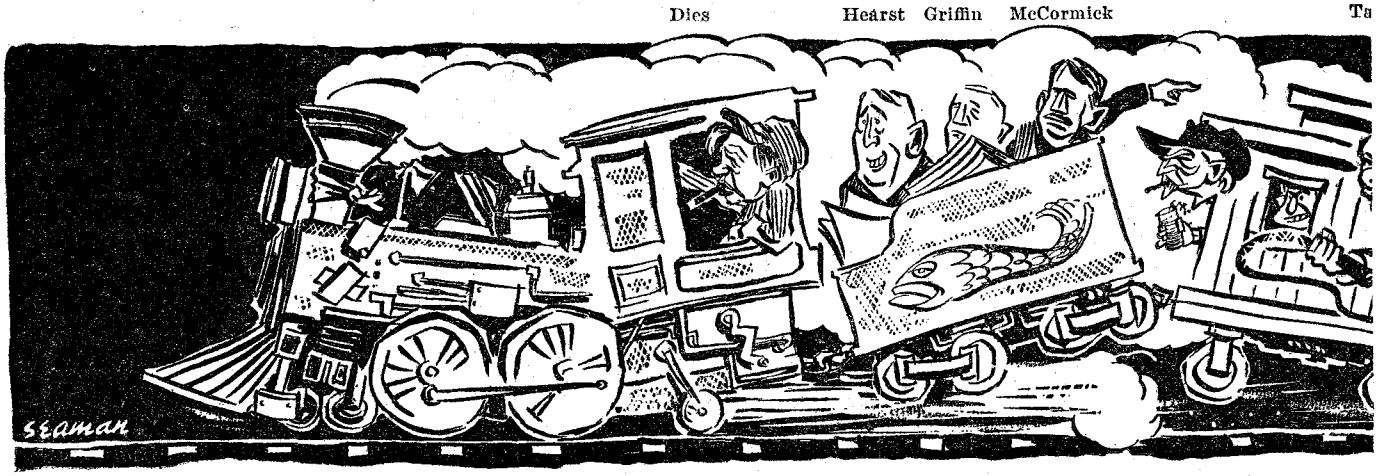
A few members of the House, moreover, harbor the delusion that Dies helped smash the German-American Bund and the native fascist movement. Here again, the smashing was accomplished by events. Native nightshirt men like William Dudley Pelley went their way rejoicing, helped by the publicity Dies had given them, until the war made their causes and methods outlaw and until the FBI and the Justice Department moved in on them. Dies's accomplishments in the field of fascist-smashing can be accurately measured by the fact that he never disturbed Father Charles E. Coughlin, spiritual center of the native movement. It can be further measured by the fact that most of the twenty-eight pro-Axis leaders now awaiting trial for conspiracy to undermine the morale of United States armed forces were never troubled by him.

No one who has watched it in operation, close up, will make the popular mistake of crediting the Dies committee with achievement of its publicly announced objectives—exposure of Communist and fascist influences in the United States. It is true that the Dies committee questioned both Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, and Fritz Kuhn, head of the German-American Bund, and that both were convicted of crimes and sent to jail after appearing before the committee. But the prosecuting agency in both cases was the Department of Justice, and the evidence presented was dug up by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Almost certainly both prosecutions would have been won had there never been a Dies committee.

The fact of the matter is—and it has been clear ever since the first month after the committee started functioning—that Dies has not been trying to destroy either communism or fascism so much as the New Deal and organized labor. He soon learned what he may or may not have known when he started—that there was only an incidental connection between what he said he was doing and what he was actually doing. To accomplish his twofold purpose it was necessary to discredit liberals of various shades, all allied with the Roosevelt New Deal reform movement, but unconnected with the native fascists or Axis-inspired nightshirt organizations on the right and uninfluenced by the Communist Party on the left.

Had Dies actually exposed the operations of the Communist Party, he would have destroyed his greatest asset. It served his purpose better to keep the line between communism and non-revolutionary liberalism as hazy as possible. To make the obvious distinction between liberals bent on gradualist reform by legal, democratic means and Marxian purists getting ready to inherit a revolution would have been to dilute the red paint Dies found so effective for smearing everyone outside his own reactionary circle.

In his report on the Union for Democratic Action, a non-Communist organization founded to promote the cause of intervention when the Communists were singing an isolationist tune, Dies came close to attacking liberals as such. He was saved from this extremity, however, by the trusty files of J. B. Matthews, the committee's resourceful chief investigator. These files contain the names of thousands of Americans who have belonged to, received mail from, or been officers of organizations like the American League for Peace and Democracy. These organizations, many of them like the American League



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now defunct, are classified as Communist fronts by the Dies committee. If it finds a list of names in the files of such an organization or on a yellowed letterhead, the Dies committee proceeds on the assumption that it is a list of Communists or of Communist stooges.

In the membership of the Union for Democratic Action were, of course, many who had belonged to so-called front organizations, as almost all men of good-will did back in the dim, dead united-front days. There were also a few who, like Matthews himself, were former Communists or confirmed fellow-travelers. However, it was patently silly, as even the New York *Times* pointed out, to call the pro-war U. D. A. a front for the Communists. Moreover, some of the organizers of the U. D. A. had no records of past affiliation with any liberal or Communist-front organizations. In at least one case, to the certain knowledge of this writer, Matthews solved this problem simply by allocating to a U. D. A. member some affiliations that never existed with some organizations the victim had never even heard of.

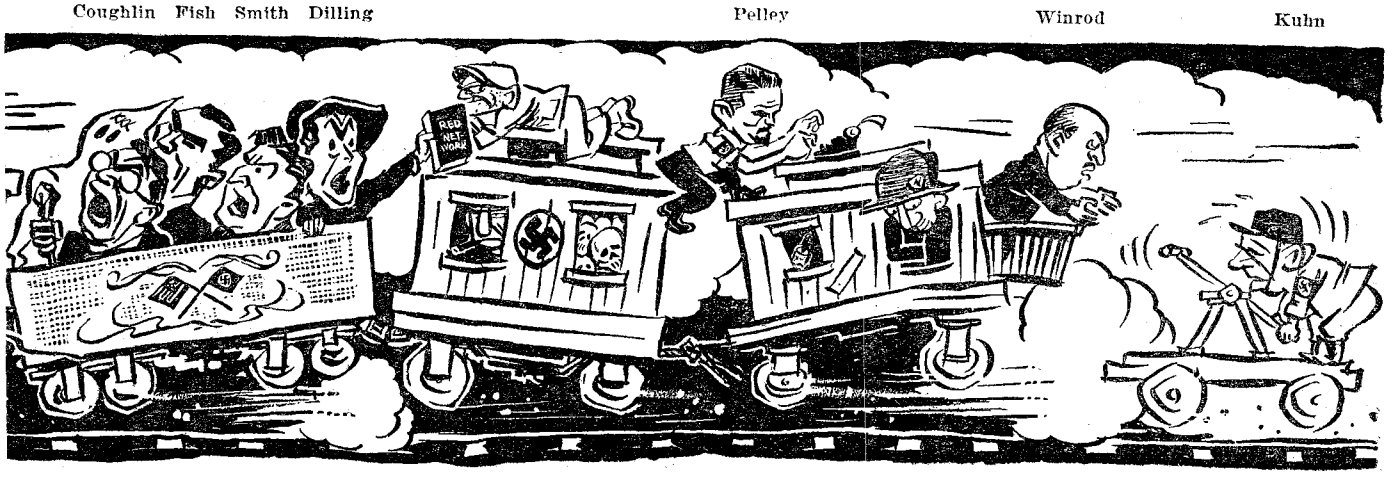
The Dies method of conviction by association was, as usual, carried one step farther in the case of the U. D. A. Since the U. D. A., in association with the *New Republic,* had published a supplement designed to expose the records of isolationist, anti-New Deal, anti-labor Congressmen and thus contribute to their defeat in the fall elections, the Dies committee report implied that the New Deal was to be the beneficiary of a Communist plot against Congress. This implication was then made explicit by the Chicago *Tribune* and some other newspapers, whose bias against Roosevelt is nearly rabid and whose attitude toward the war is not far from neutral. By a tenuous chain of association going back to the heyday of the American League for Peace and Democracy the New Deal of 1942 also became Communist.

This has been the method of the Dies committee almost from the start. Application of the method is revealing of its purpose. Organized labor, particularly the C. I. O. has been as obvious an intended victim as the New Deal. Communists in the labor movement and in the New Deal Administration—and there have been and still are some, more in the C. I. O. than in the government, but still a few in relatively unimportant bureaucratic posts in Washington—have been victimized only incidentally.

Dies's sympathies have always been with the extreme conservatives. He was an alien-baiter long before he became a labor-baiter. Although he tolerated the New Deal, even strung along with it during the Roosevelt honeymoon of 1933, he started voting the line of his fellow-Texan, John Garner, as soon as it became apparent that the President meant what he said about basic liberal reform. Dies has wielded the power of his committee as a guerrilla fighter uses a machete in every campaign since, and including, the Congressional and state campaigns of 1938.

There has been nothing subtle about Dies's political axing. He has gone in swinging and laid about him without regard for the niceties of political usage. His first victim was Frank Murphy, who in the fall of 1938 had come through the sitdown-strike crisis and was seeking reelection as governor of Michigan. Dies's method here was to permit Murphy's political enemies to fill the committee record with unsupported charges that Murphy was a dupe of the Communists, who had tried to turn the automobile plants over to radical strikers. Similar treatment was given Elmer Benson, Farm-Labor governor of Minnesota. Both were beaten. An attempt was made to defeat Culbert Olson for governor of California, but in this case a crude job of attempted character assassination failed to kill.

More recently Dies has worked on Leon Henderson, calling him an "ex-crackpot" and other names, all eagerly picked up by the Axis radio for short-wave propaganda; on Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, accusing her of shielding Harry Bridges; on Attorney General Francis Biddle, charging him with obstructing the work of the committee; and on Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, accusing him of virtually all crimes. Dies's attacks on government officials have been timed to do the most possible harm. Henderson, for example, was hauled over the coals while his price-control bill was pending before the House, and sweeping charges that



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Communists held high government positions were released while the neutrality-repeal debate was in progress.

These latter charges—that the Communists have infiltrated the government with the help of the New Deal and are about to foment revolution from within—have become Dies's principal theme. In his lectures, for which he is reported to receive as much as $500 apiece plus expenses, and from which he is said to have accumulated a tidy little fortune, he sends shivers down the spines of his hearers by rolling the Trojan horse to the very door of the Capitol.

Congress and the Department of Justice finally called this bluff of Dies's in 1941. A provision was written into the Justice Department appropriation bill directing that at least $100,000 be spent on an investigation of government employees who were "members of subversive organizations or advocates of overthrow of the federal government." After spending much more than $100,000 and investigating some 4,000 cases, 1,121 of them based on complaints from the Dies committee, the Justice Department finally has made its report.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation under J. Edgar Hoover, who can scarcely be called a fellow-traveler or suspected of shielding the comrades, made thorough investigations, but only two employees were fired as a result of its reports. An interdepartmental committee appointed by Biddle to oversee the investigation said, in effect, that the Dies list was a phony, that the investigation had wasted good time and money, that it had interfered with the morale of government workers, and that the government had been found to be free of subversive influences.

Dies growled that Biddle was welcoming Bundsmen and members of Communist-front organizations into the government and prepared to carry on as usual. How much harm the exposure of his Trojan-horse hoax has done him remains questionable. The press from the very start of his investigation has been for the most part uncritical of Dies's methods and extremely generous with its space in reporting his findings.

However, Dies's press has not been as good this year as previously, and exposure of his horse as something made out of imaginative plush probably won't do him any good, particularly since it followed another dramatic demonstration of the great investigator's irresponsibility. This demonstration was made by David B. Vaughan, an economist employed by the Board of Economic Warfare. Vaughan was one of thirty-five persons in the BEW who were branded as members or former members of front organizations in a letter from Dies to Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, chairman of the board. Vaughan had worked for the Irving Trust Company, 1 Wall Street, and had been a member of nothing more subversive than the Baptist church before coming to Washington. Dies, it developed, was thinking of David Vaughn, once a director of the American League for Peace and Democracy and not a government employee.

So Vaughan sued Dies for $75,000 on the theory that, since the accusation made against him was originally set forth in a letter, not in an official House document, and was released to the newspapers, it was not privileged and therefore not proof against libel action. Dies huffed and puffed but finally agreed to settle out of court. He would, he said, pay Vaughan's legal expenses and make a public apology. He did both. But then he nicked the House Accounts Committee for the $500-plus involved in the settlement. He escaped personal liability narrowly, however. The vote to bail him out in the Accounts Committee was six to five.

It has been the practice of the committee, when it felt itself slipping, to get out another report. After the first two years it all but gave up holding hearings because their unfairness was too obvious. Since then there have been a White Paper, which purported to show up the Nazi propaganda machine in the United States but proved little beyond the known fact that Hans Thomsen, chargé d'affaires of the German embassy, was pro-German, a Yellow Paper on Japan, which was shown up by Congressman Tom Eliot of Massachusetts as a rehash of old stuff available in the Congressional Library dressed up with E. Phillips Oppenheim touches, and similar studies on various phases of what the committee treats as un-American phenomena.

The most revealing report the Dies committee ever

Wasted Money

"I am convinced beyond all doubt that the net results of the labors of the Committee to Investigate un-American Activities is harmful to the nation's war effort. It has excited suspicion unduly, created distrust and disunity, and embarrassed and hampered the orderly functioning of important departments of our government. I am extremely fearful that it may by some injudicious or intemperate outburst bring disaster to the cause of the United Nations.

"Its record is one in which the Congress can have no pride, and its procedure at times has been violative of what we Americans like to call fair play. No longer can I condone its misdeeds, and having no hope that it will reform, I hope its continuance will not be authorized. Money appropriated for expenditures by that committee is worse than wasted. I shall vote 'nay'."—Representative Herman P. Eberharter, Pennsylvania.

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wrote was never published—or rather it was published in a form so expurgated that it bore only a pale resemblance to the original. It was a report subscribed to by Dies and his fellow-travelers, who have always been in the majority on the committee, attacking "Marxist atheists . . . who masquerade under the name of liberal" and charging that these atheists run the New Deal. It said they were cloaking their totalitarian ambitions in the seductive raiment of reform but actually were trying to regiment labor under the National Labor Relations Board, agriculture under the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, industry under the Securities and Exchange Commission, and so on. Centralization of power in Washington was called the first stage of Washington dictatorship and Roosevelt "the Kerensky who precedes the dictator."

The three New Dealers who had been placed on the committee in successive attempts to reform Dies—Representatives John Dempsey of New Mexico, Jerry Voorhis of California, and Joseph Casey of Massachusetts—threatened to bring out a minority report if this tract were published by the majority. As a result, the report was toned down and finally brought out as a unanimous recommendation that the committee be continued. However, excerpts from the original were published by *The Nation.*

These excerpts showed, more clearly than anything that has ever been written by or about the Dies committee, just what it had been up to. The report was, of course, written by Matthews in an attempt to put an ideological base under the feet of Dies and his anti-liberal associates on the committee and in the House. Matthews has written not only the Dies committee reports but many if not all of Dies's speeches and magazine articles, and one book. In fact, the Dies committee probably could be called with more accuracy the Matthews committee.

Dies almost certainly had no very clear idea of what he would do with his authority and his first $25,000 when he got them and took up the hunt for subversives where it had been dropped by a succession of House investigators—Hamilton Fish of New York, John McCormack of Massachusetts, and Samuel Dickstein of New York. It was to prevent Dickstein from continuing with the investigation that the Southern crowd, which found itself in control of the House after 1932, made Dies chairman of the committee. All the previous investigators had found the hunt an unrewarding enterprise.

Dies had no better success at first. His original appropriation was not large enough to finance very much of a show. To conserve his meager exchequer he had to depend principally on volunteer witnesses who would pay their own expenses, and most of the volunteers were wackies. John Metcalfe, a reporter for the Chicago *Times,* was Dies's first paid investigator and first full-dress witness. He had joined the German-American Bund to find out what it was all about and presented some pretty sensational testimony. But the newspapers didn't give it much of a play. It was not until John Frey, head of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L., turned up with a statement about Communists in the rival C. I. O. that Dies hit the publicity jackpot.

Frey's testimony showed him what he needed and what the press wanted—the two things were identical. Ever since then he has borne down heavily on charges of communism in the C. I. O., often timing exposure of leaders in specific unions to hit the newspapers simultaneously with the start of contract negotiations. This happened, for example, in the important Harvester negotiations. But there wasn't enough specific material on communism in the C. I. O. and communism in the government to keep the hungry presses fed. There wasn't enough, that is, until Matthews appeared as if from heaven, to serve first as a witness and then as a paid employee of the committee. He knew the comrades and their methods, and he was willing to tell all.

Increasingly under fire in the last few months, Dies has taken to putting his foot in his mouth with painful regularity. He recently boasted from the seclusion of his Texas home that he was about to expose a gigantic spy ring, but nothing has come of it; he stated flatly that Axis diplomats had protested to the State Department about the committee's activities, but the department said it had received no such protests; he demanded that the Department of Justice place 17,000 German Americans under surveillance, only to be informed that this would require an army of 51,000 FBI agents doing nothing else. Things have not been going well, but another report, this one on German espionage, sabotage, and propaganda, is in the works, and Dies apparently is relying on it to assure the customary renewal and $100,000 appropriation next year.

The fact is that Dies could not bring out a comprehensive report on Nazi-inspired propaganda activities without mentioning his friends. One of his closest friends and collaborators is Hamilton Fish, whose connections with Viereck brought him close to the fountainhead of the pre-Pearl Harbor Nazi propaganda in this country. Inevitably, the line followed by Matthews and Dies has led them into tolerance for if not active collaboration with the native fascists. Some of Matthews's own stuff has turned up in their publications. And even though the extreme anti-democrats, Jew-baiters, and pro-Axis elements have been driven under cover by the circumstances of war, they have not been rooted out. Coughlin and his gang are still at large. So are the more respectable and therefore more dangerous of the hot-headed former isolationists, or, if you please, non-

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interventionists, for whom the Chicago *Tribune,* the New York *Daily News,* the Washington *Times-Herald,* Senator Burton K. Wheeler, and Charles A. Lindbergh are spokesmen or potential spokesmen.

The Dies committee has now spent a total of $385,000. It has tried to discredit scores of earnest, useful citizens. Any incidental contribution it has made will not compensate for the violence it has done the tradition of Congressional inquiry. Of all the Congressional committees that have operated as inquisitorial agencies in the last four years, including the Truman committee, the Dies committee probably will be longest remembered. It will be a smear on the record of New Deal Congresses so long as the record remains.

Whose Trojan Horse?

BY WILL CHASAN

NO SINGLE circumstance, not even the invigorating presence of German funds, has helped more than the Dies committee to facilitate the growth of an American fascism. The committee, whose capacity for evil is still largely unappreciated, has created for American fascists the immensely useful and provocative myth of a national government swarming with Communists, demented professors, and aliens. It has subscribed explicitly to the fiction that the United States is in danger of a red revolution, thus lending authority and a new potency to the traditional fascist appeal. It has, as Vice-President Wallace once charged, aroused the doubts and angers on which fascism thrives.

One's natural impulse is to believe that the committee has performed this ignoble service unwittingly. But both the committee's chairman and its research director are too keen politically, too cynically aware of their effects, to allow so amiable an interpretation. The record of the committee itself is overwhelmingly consistent; if it does not prove that those responsible for the committee's policies are fascist-minded, it leaves no doubt that they have intentionally sponsored the distortions and prejudices which are fascism's leit-motif.

American fascists, quick to sense the value of the Dies committee, have been its eager, staunch, and unscrupulous defenders. They have gathered thousands of petitions for its continuation, acclaimed its "statesmanlike" and "patriotic" qualities, and with charges of communism have badgered many of its Congressional opponents into silence. With a zeal which would have been incongruous had the Committee to Investigate un-American Activities been living up to its name, they regularly exhorted their followers to support "this great American protective movement." When Wallace condemned Dies, Father Coughlin urged *Social Justice* readers "to employ their leisure moments" to write Dies "letters of encouragement." He suggested that a million letters to Dies would be "an answer to those who are bent on destroying him." George Deatherage, who ostensibly was investigated by the committee, mailed out franked copies of a speech by Senator Reynolds praising its work. Gerald Smith's Committee of One Million collected 400,000 signatures on petitions urging Congress to renew the Dies appropriation. Smith boasted that this was "the biggest and most effective single effort put forth to support the [committee's] continuation." The Constitutional Educational League, named in the recent federal-grand-jury action against seditious groups, claims that on one occasion when the Dies committee was threatened, it "secured over 4,000,000 signatures to petitions and deluged Congress with an avalanche of letters and telegrams from aroused patriots." Other groups named in the federal-grand-jury sedition charges espoused the Dies cause with equal fervor.

The Dies committee's occasional thrusts at fascist leaders have almost never alienated them. They have knowingly interpreted the committee's infrequent anti-fascist moves as necessary political camouflage, put on in the interest of obtaining a new Congressional sanction. James True, for example, carefully explained to subscribers to his Industrial Control Reports that Dies "had to play politics until he procured a large appropriation," but that actually "several members of the committee deplore the un-American investigation of George E. Deatherage and General George Van Horn Moseley, and that their influence in the conduct of future hearings will be effective." William Dudley Pelley assured his Silver Shirts that Dies "for propaganda reasons must rant and roar against race prejudice and religious intolerance but behind the scenes . . . a different trend is apparent." At rare intervals a minor leader, like Robert Edmondson, has been provoked by some temporary discomfiture at the hands of the committee into denouncing it for "placing Jews before Americans." But generally the fascist attitude toward the Dies committee has been characterized by warm approval and a nice understanding of its political difficulties.

The committee chairman, to whose poll-tax mentality fascist ideas offer no real shock, has encouraged this un-

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derstanding. A feeling of ideological kinship, bolstered by a simple, undiscriminating desire for applause, led him to appear at meetings whose distinctly fascist nature was only thinly disguised. He endeared himself to a Madison Square Garden meeting, at which *Social Justice* was hawked, by saying that "we in America are not now in danger of any invasion of foreign armies despite the lies of war-mongers and propagandists." The audience, for whom this sentiment had a specific connotation, cheered lustily. Dies addressed many similar audiences, and often was gratified to hear himself described as "the man of the hour." He spoke for the clearly pro-fascist American Defense Society and was the featured speaker at a luncheon of the New York State Economic Council, arranged by Merwin K. Hart and attended by James Wheeler-Hill and Fritz Kuhn. These fraternal expeditions created a close personal bond between the hunter and the quarry. Dies could not be expected to jeopardize firm friendships through some tactless committee action. Nor could the un-Americans see any reason to fear the activities of one who implicitly indorsed their program and openly accepted their hospitality.

Although vastly helpful, Dies's personal appearances at fascist assemblies have been only a subordinate phase of the committee's usefulness to those whom it was supposed to curb. The main value of the Dies committee to American fascists has been as a mighty central propaganda agency. It has provided the fascist press with enormous quantities of lush and, to the gullible and uninformed, damning material against our democratic institutions. It has given them "evidence," bearing a Congressional committee's stamp of approval, to show that New Deal leaders are tainted with communism, that New Deal agencies are overrun with reds and aliens, and that the President himself somehow is implicated in all this villainy. Dies, according to the Federal Communications Commission, is the American quoted most frequently in Axis propaganda broadcasts. What perhaps is more to the point is that the Dies committee, from its inception, has been a principal source of material for American fascists.

Through its own facilities the committee has given the same material, a mixture of fantasy and half-truth, a far wider currency than fascist channels alone would permit. The respectable New York *Times* never would feature a charge by Pelley or Winrod that Leon Henderson is a Communist and a crackpot, but it has gladly done so when the charge was made through the Dies committee. In this respect the glaring unfairness and falsity of most Dies committee testimony enhance its worth to American fascists. For when a Congressional committee accepts and respectable newspapers print testimony that seems untrue, they extend the bounds of credibility, destroy the recognizable marks of truth and authority, and open the way for acceptance of the most grotesque fascist propaganda. Thus the Dies committee, with the aid of the anti-New Deal press, has in effect built up a receptive audience for fascist libels which previously evoked only scornful disbelief.

American fascists have shrewdly exploited the Dies committee's authority. Many of the spectacular "revelations" which they were able to publish as the committee's official findings actually originated in their own files. The device is plain to anyone who has followed

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Sunday Dec. 4 3 P M — PRO-AMERICAN FORUM
DR. J. B. MATTHEWS
Former member of the Communist "Inner Circle" will speak on
"Communism in the Federal Government"
Dr. Matthews, whose recent testimony before the Dies Committee was sensational, will tell a startling story of the extent to which the Communist Party has bored its way into Washington.
Hotel Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43d St. *Admission 50 cents*

Thursday Dec. 8 12:30 P M — LUNCHEON MEETING
under the auspices of
THE NEW YORK STATE ECONOMIC COUNCIL
Speaker
CONGRESSMAN MARTIN DIES OF TEXAS
Chairman of the Congressional Committee Investigating Un-American Activities
Hotel Biltmore *Price, including luncheon, $2.00*

Thursday Dec. 8 8 P M — ORGANIZATION MEETING
of the new American Federation Against Communism
This meeting is or[illegible] active members of th[illegible] listed

Sunday Dec. 11 3 P M — PRO-AMERICAN FORUM
Two outstanding speakers
MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE VANHORN MOSELEY
A fearless, outspoken patriot, whose attack against Administration policies after his retirement from the Army this Fall produced a real storm.
ALSO
DON BATE
Formerly United Press correspondent in Shanghai
A brilliant speaker and an authority on international affairs
"Keep America Out of War"
Hotel Biltmore *Admission 50 cents*

Thursday Dec. 15 8 P M — PROTEST RALLY
This great rally is being held to protest against the Un-American censorship of radio, as exercised against Father Coughlin, Boake Carter, and others.
Bainbridge Colby, Senator James A. Reed of Missouri and other men of national prominence will speak.
Meeting sponsored by Committee for Defense of Americans' Constitutional Ri[illegible]
Manhattan C[illegible]

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the committee's proceedings. Innumerable stories which blossomed into newspaper headlines were planted by avowed fascists with the aid of the committee. Dies admitted to one reporter that Father Coughlin supplied him with "anti-Communist" material. Elizabeth Dilling, in condemning her indictment for sedition by the federal grand jury, offered as proof of her Americanism the fact that she "furnished data and assistance to the Dies committee." Joseph Kamp, the director of the Constitutional Educational League, is known to frequent the committee's office, and numerous other fascists have enjoyed helpful and sometimes profitable relations with it. Their presence explains at least in part why so much of the committee's record runs parallel to the fascist "line," and why its chairman's occasional ranting against intolerance or race prejudice has never disquieted them.

The Dies committee, according to a blunt critic, could do the United States no greater disservice if its loyalty were owed directly to Hitler. This judgment, in the light of the record, seems only mildly intemperate. The committee, aided and incited by its fascist prompters, has attacked our democratic symbols with subtlety, cunning, and cynical ruthlessness. Although a "fact-finding" body, it has, in the fascist tradition if not with fascist motives, subordinated truth to ideology, "revealing" only enough obvious facts to acquire a sympathetic hearing for its less obvious distortions. It has permitted itself to become something close to a Trojan horse for American fascism, and the record often indicates it has done so with open eyes and genuine zest.

Four to Three

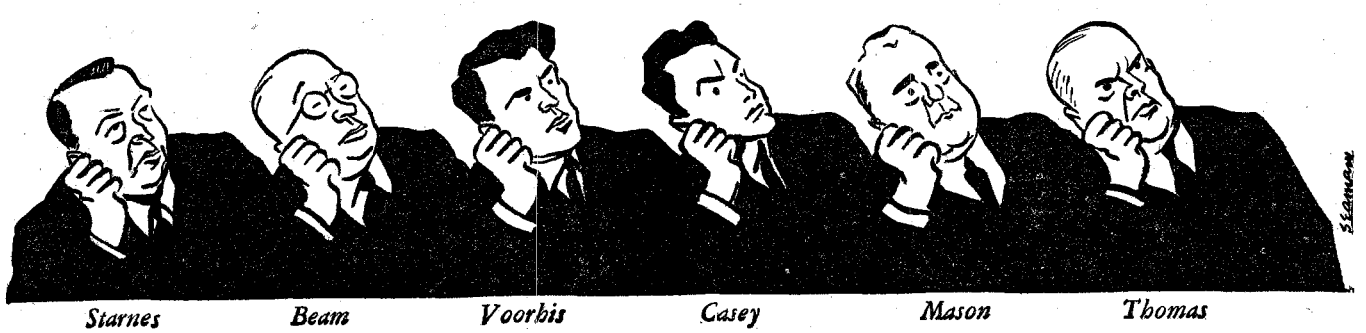
BY CHARLES VAN DEVANDER

THREE members of Martin Dies's Committee on un-American Activities provide him with a clear majority of co-conspirators and congenial stooges. J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, "who can find subversion in trees and isms in running brooks," and Joe Starnes of Alabama, who suspects anyone whose grandparents were not born in America, form a hard core of toryism and intolerance around the committee chairman. Noah Mason, an isolationist Republican from Illinois, completes the majority.

The committee minority, which is timid to the point of worthlessness, consists of two New Dealers—Jerry Voorhis of California and Joe Casey of Massachusetts—and Harry Beam, a Democratic machine politician from Chicago. Voorhis, a rich man's son who once called himself a Socialist, is genuinely liberal but invincibly naive. The Dies majority considers him an "easy mark." Casey, a more astute politician, would be a better match for the reactionaries on the committee, but he has found it expedient to take a minor part in the committee's proceedings. He has left the burden of opposition to Voorhis, whom he credits with "doing a splendid job." Beam, a nondescript product of the Kelly-Nash organization who "goes along" with the New Deal on domestic legislation and "went along" with the Administration's pre-Pearl Harbor foreign policy, has only a tenuous claim to membership in the minority. He has contributed little to the committee record and often has "gone along" with the majority.

Thomas and Starnes, together with Dies, understand exactly the function their committee is performing, and they have not allowed the minority's occasional and feeble protests to deflect them in any important way. With the help of the anti-New Deal bloc in Congress, they are using the committee consciously and effectively to obstruct liberal laws and agencies. Unlike Dies, who assumes the role of a detached patriot, his colleagues often admit their purpose, which they see as a perfectly legitimate one.

John Parnell Thomas, who exceeds Dies in bitterness toward the New Deal, began his career as a bond salesman in Wall Street at a salary of $12.50 a week. He eventually became the head of an insurance-brokerage firm. Thomas drifted into politics after the war, from which he emerged as a captain. His tory views were an



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asset in New Jersey Republican circles. He was elected to the Allendale borough council in 1925, became mayor of Allendale the following year, and in 1928 was re-elected. In 1936, after two terms in the New Jersey Assembly, where the Republicans shared power and jobs with Frank Hague, Thomas was elected to Congress. The red menace, alien-led labor unions, and the New Deal have been Thomas's chief concerns as a Representative. His most conspicuous Congressional acts, aside from his participation in the Dies committee, have been a proposal to deny the benefits of the Wagner Act to unions with alien officers and the introduction of a resolution asking that Secretary of Labor Perkins be impeached for her failure to deport alien radicals. Thomas was only mildly chagrined when William Dudley Pelley, during his appearance before the Dies committee, called the impeachment plan a "masterpiece" and said that he had distributed it in pamphlet form to 100,000 people. Thomas apparently regards labor unions as a breeding ground of subversion. He has denounced the National Labor Relations Board as a shield for potential saboteurs. He also has offered the Dies committee files to employers so that they may check upon the "subversive" connections of troublesome employees. Thomas uses red menace, fifth column, and New Deal as roughly synonymous terms. "The fifth column in the United States has flourished under New Deal rule," he said in a radio address in 1940. "The surest way of removing the fifth column from our shores is to remove the New Deal from the seat of government."

Joe Starnes, the Alabama Democrat, has a great deal in common with Thomas, the New Jersey Republican. Both are tories and pretend to fear that the Dies committee "may turn out to be the last remaining safeguard against the dictatorship of the proletariat in America." Starnes, in the tradition of Southern standpatters, believes in womanhood and the poll tax and "standing in" with the interests. The Alabaman, who taught school before going into the practice of law and politics, was elected to Congress in 1934. He is energetic, hard-working, and politically ambitious. His immediate goal is a seat in the Senate. It is significant that the Alabama Power Company and the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, Alabama's biggest corporations, are backing him despite his support of the TVA, the pet hate of the power crowd. His corporation friends doubtless understand that no opponent of TVA can stay in politics in the Muscle Shoals district. Apart from that one excusable lapse there is nothing in Starnes's record to which any conservative could object. He has a perfect anti-New Deal score on other domestic matters and is particularly "sound" on labor questions.

Like many Southern politicians, Starnes has found the alien to be a convenient political whipping-boy. Nor does he stop with aliens. Lumping tens of millions of patriotic citizens in the same category, he told the 1937 convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars that the "huge alien, foreign-born, foreign-stock population" of America constituted a serious problem to the nation in a war-threatened world. Just how many generations back he draws the line on "foreign-stock" citizens, he did not make clear. But he was quite definite about what he thought should be done with them. It was pure folly, Starnes said, "to permit more than six and a quarter millions of aliens to remain in this country to become potential spies and enemies to bore from within."

Starnes's value as an investigator of un-American activities is measured by the fact that he has never considered the Bund dangerous. Another indication of his value was provided during the committee's investigation of the Federal Theater and Writers' Projects. A witness happened to mention Christopher Marlowe's "Faustus." Starnes snapped to attention: "Marlowe?" he said. "Isn't he a Communist?"

Noah Morgan Mason, fourth member of the Dies committee majority, is an amiable sixty-year-old conservative who spent all of his adult life up to 1930 as a pedagogue. In 1930 the local Republican organization snatched him from his books and sent him to the Illinois Senate, where he stayed until elected to Congress in 1936.

Lacking the viciousness and farseeing purpose of the Dies-Thomas-Starnes clique but sharing all its reactionary views, Mason is extremely useful to the committee chairman. When the annual question of appropriation comes up, Dies shrewdly sits back and allows Mason to do most of the talking. Mason, with a show of reasonableness, usually concedes that the committee has made mistakes—who of us hasn't—but assures the House that the committee should be continued on the ground that the good it has done outweighs the bad. It is an effective dodge; the committee admits everything, but answers and explains nothing.

Mason was an isolationist before Pearl Harbor mainly because he deplored the spending of "huge sums" for defense against "imaginary enemies" abroad. A Republican of the Hoover vintage, he dislikes the New Deal's fiscal untidiness, and judges most measures by their possible effect on our tax rate.

Harry P. Beam probably is one of Congress's least distinguished members. He was an assistant corporation counsel in Chicago during the Capone-dominated twenties and was elevated to Congress in 1930. Beam has contributed little to the Dies committee or to the House of Representatives. In the tradition of the Chicago Democratic machine he "votes right," with only occasional derelictions. He has been no problem to the Dies-Starnes-Thomas triumvirate in their conduct of the committee, although he has balked at approving the worst of their "reports." Like Mason, he is useful window-dressing.

Joseph Casey, an able if at times excessively prudent

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young lawyer from Clinton, Massachusetts, has been in the House since 1936. His record on domestic legislation and foreign policy has earned him the approval of Massachusetts liberals, who now are supporting him for the Democratic Senatorial nomination, to oppose Henry Cabot Lodge this fall. Casey is an effective fighter but has preferred not to become a focal point for the widespread indignation against the methods and aims of Martin Dies. Instead he merely backs Voorhis in an opposition that has been singularly inept. Casey, however, is not all political prudence. He courageously upheld the New Deal's pre-Pearl Harbor foreign policies, although he knew his anti-isolationist votes would cost him the support of important political factions in Massachusetts.

H. Jerry Voorhis, a Mr.-Smith-Goes-to-Washington type, is one of the most earnest liberals in American politics, but as a member of the Dies committee he has sadly disappointed his friends and supporters. Up to February 9, 1939, Voorhis had been on the sidelines, criticizing the methods of the Dies committee as "reprehensible." Then a vacancy occurred on the committee, and Speaker Bankhead—with the express approval of President Roosevelt—appointed Voorhis to fill it. No one foresaw what was to follow. The assignment blinded the serious young Californian to what had been perfectly obvious to him before. Once on the committee he abandoned his worthy efforts to destroy it and began trying to reform it instead. He still is trying.

Voorhis, whose family fortune has never impinged on his social conscience, was a registered Socialist in the days before the New Deal, that being "the only way I could voice my protest against the reactionary leadership of both major parties." With the advent of President Roosevelt he became a Democrat "with a clear conscience." He was elected to Congress in 1936 during the upsurge of California radicalism and was reelected two years later and again in 1940.

Until his association with the Dies committee, Voorhis was often extolled as the leading liberal in Congress. Unencumbered by Marxist prejudices, he had a broad, instinctively American view and a courage which liberals successful in politics frequently lack. Voorhis is aware of his recent fall from grace and is deeply troubled, but shows no sign of altering his conduct. He seems determined to continue his efforts at reform, although so far they have failed notably. The committeee majority makes decisions at meetings to which he is not invited, issues reports the existence of which he never suspects, and rudely rebuffs his polite attempts to modify their procedure.

Nevertheless, despite the almost unanimous disapproval of his liberal colleagues, Voorhis believes that he is following the wisest course and that he is restraining the committee from even worse excesses. The basis for his belief is not apparent in the record. What is apparent is that his is exactly the kind of naivete on which the reactionary Dies majority has flourished.

The Small Fry

BY JAMES WECHSLER

THROUGH the doors of the Dies committee hearings room have passed some noxious specimens of Americans. Many of those whom the committee amiably described as "investigators" or "experts" had previously earned less flattering descriptions as professional anti-Semites, pro-fascists, labor spies, and convicts. Their records did not deter Martin Dies from accepting their unsupported testimony as gospel truth.

Nobody pretends that the political bias or the prison record of an informant automatically invalidates his testimony. The significant fact is that the Dies committee made no real effort to test the reliability of the men who took the stand or to judge their "evidence" against the shady backgrounds from which they emerged. It is no exaggeration to suggest that some of the Dies investigators and experts themselves provide a colorful rogues' gallery for any future committee investigating un-American activities.

The Dies committee revealed its preference for questionable informants quite early in its career. Its first senior investigator was Edward F. Sullivan, whose qualifications included a six-month jail sentence for larceny and obvious ties with some of our most notorious fascists. Sullivan, a member of the steering committee at the anti-Semitic National Conference of Clergymen and Laymen held in 1936 at Asheville, North Carolina, worked closely with Gerald Winrod, now under indictment by a federal grand jury, and Michael Ahearn of the James True Associates. Later he joined True in circulating *Industrial Control Reports*, one of the many news letters circulated by the friends of American fascism.

Sullivan's record dramatized the link between pro-fascists and the labor-spy ring. The La Follette committee exposed his services as an espionage agent for the Railway Audit and Inspection Bureau, services which presumably were among his qualifications when Dies hired him. Exhibit 118 of the hearings of the La Follette committee is a letter from I. D. Rice, a leading official of the Rail-

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Letters for Dies

"As national chairman of the Committee of One Million, the writer is proud to report that when Mr. Dies asked for a continuation of his committee, together with an additional appropriation, the Committee of One Million carried a petition bearing more than 400,000 names to Washington calling for the continuation of the investigation. We placed this petition before the Rules Committee, and it was also presented on the floor of the United States Congress. Expert observers insist that this was the biggest and most effective single effort put forth to support the continuation of this statesmanlike committee."—Gerald L. K. Smith.

"In your appreciation of the work accomplished by Dies, employ some of your leisure moments to write him a letter of encouragement. In fact, a million of letters, brought to his desk, would be an answer to those who are bent on destroying him and the legislative body which he represents."—Social Justice.

way Bureau, to his New England manager. Rice wrote: "Please note letter from Mr. E. F. Sullivan. He is a solicitor that we have put on in the Boston territory."

During his tenure as Dies's principal sleuth, Sullivan brought a character named Alvin I. Halpern to the committee's witness stand. When Sullivan made contact with him, Halpern was under indictment for grand larceny. The day of his second appearance before the committee he was sentenced to a term of one to two years for the crime.

Out of his crowded criminal and espionage career Sullivan developed some interesting thoughts about the fifth-column menace. He once observed in a report to committee members that "Jewish organizations naturally are concerned about the activities of the German-American Bund and the so-called Silver Shirts, but this concern is not shared by any other agency with whom I contacted. For the most part the law enforcement groups and patriotic agencies seemed to think that this great agitation over the activities of the Bund is but a smoke screen to take the people's mind off the real menace, communism and those affiliated with it."

Sullivan's past activities finally made him too "hot" even for Dies to carry, and he was dropped from the committee's staff. When last heard from he was associated with a Ukrainian American fascist group.

Another loquacious expert whom Dies used was Walter Steele, editor of the *National Republic*. Steele "exposed" dozens of liberal organizations, including the American Civil Liberties Union, as part of the "Communist movement." His testimony occupies 402 pages of the Dies committee volumes. What the Dies committee never explored were Walter Steele's own subversive activities, which are continuing today.

Chief lobbyist for the American Coalition, Inc., a super-patriotic alliance which includes among its affiliates such fascist groups as the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation and the Paul Reveres of Chicago, Steele is one of America's leading pro-fascists. His publication, which has a circulation of almost 50,000, supported Franco during the Spanish war. It specializes in alien-baiting and depicts all labor leaders as Communists. As lobbyist for the American Coalition, Steele appears at every state and federal investigating committee to give "impartial" information on communism. One of Steele's latest undertakings was an attempt last March to introduce fascist literature into Puerto Rican schools. His efforts incurred the wrath of the head of Puerto Rico's school system, and the Army Intelligence Service balked the project by declaring that "the *National Republic* is a fascist publication which should not be allowed in the public schools of Puerto Rico."

The Dies committee waged war against the WPA, a key New Deal project. Its thesis was that the WPA was in the grip of the Communists. As its stellar witness it brought forth Edward Banta. Brother Banta, though the Dies committee did not reveal it, was closely associated with the American National Labor Party, an undisguised pro-Nazi outfit. He was a speaker for the Christian Front and a contributor to Bund publications. Banta is still an active fascist. His current associations include the League of American Women Against Communism. Banta, who believes that the Communist Party "is composed of outcast Jews," has also sought to form an alliance with Leon De Aryan, recently indicted for sedition.

The committee listened attentively to the findings of Harper Knowles as he gave the lowdown on subversive activities on the West Coast. The committee identified him as a representative of the American Legion—an association which Legion officials quickly disclaimed. One commentary on Knowles's reliability was provided by James S. Landis, who observed bluntly that Knowles "lied when he dared to."

While the Dies committee was making Knowles a public benefactor, another government inquiry was delving into the organization to which he devoted most of his energies—the Associated Farmers, of which Knowles was secretary. The La Follette committee found the Associated Farmers guilty of fomenting anti-labor violence throughout California. It described the Associated Farmers' movement as part of the pattern of native American fascism. The Dies committee never investigated the Associated Farmers but blandly accepted evidence from its secretary,

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who characterized California's Governor Olson as a "Communist sympathizer."

Hazel Hoffman, an agent of the Dies committee, testified in May, 1941, about the American Peace Mobilization. It is questionable whether the Dies committee needed a special agent to expose the A. P. M. as a Communist front. A significant item, generously overlooked by Martin Dies, was Hazel Hoffman's connection with the Constitutional Education League. The league, headed by Joseph Kamp, a labor-baiter and shrewd pro-fascist, was one of the Dies committee's most vocal supporters. The recent government sedition indictment listed it as one of the organizations through which conspiracy against the war effort was being carried on. Yet Hazel Hoffman was a heroine in the Dies committee play.

George E. Sullivan, former counsel for General George Van Horn Moseley and ex-Representative Jacob Thorkelson, was still another expert welcomed by the Dies committee. Sullivan, whose recent book, "The Road to Victory," charges that there is a Talmudist plot to overthrow our government, was known as an anti-Semite before his appearance at the hearings. His mode of thinking, which endeared him to *Social Justice,* the *Defender,* and other pro-fascist publications, is illustrated best by the title of one of his booklets: "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing—An Authentic Portrayal of the Perfidious Proposals of Communism and Socialism in Their Real Setting, as Masks and Devices Employed by Amazingly Organized and Financially Powerful Occult Forces, Bent upon World Conquest."

Many Dies experts had a direct stake in "smearing" specific New Deal agencies. A good example of a vested interest posing—unchallenged—as a detached reporter was Alice Lee Jemison, who came before the committee to accuse the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior of attempting to spread "communism and paganism" on the reservations. Miss Jemison's stake was simple. She was Washington representative of the American Indian Federation, organized to lobby for legislation giving thousands of Indians $3,000 each. The Indian Bureau was opposing the legislation. But Miss Jemison got her headlines as an expert on subversion.

Dies could also have discovered, if he had bothered to inquire, that Miss Jemison had contributed to at least one fascist newspaper and had been associated with Elizabeth Dilling.

One of the shadiest episodes in the history of the Dies committee is that involving David Mayne. Mayne, who had been Silver Shirt Pelley's Washington "agent," was employed by the committee apparently to embarrass Dies's liberal critics—especially Representative Frank Hook, a Michigan Democrat—who, the committee had learned, were preparing an indictment of Dies's mysterious associations with leading friends of the fascist front. Mayne made contact with Dies's foes and sold them copies of letters allegedly written by Pelley boasting of a secret agreement with the Dies committee. Since Mayne's credentials as a Pelley representative were beyond dispute, the letters were purchased in good faith. They were issued as part of a general exposé of Dies, who then triumphantly produced Mayne's proof that the letters were forgeries. Subsequently Mayne was brought to trial. He pleaded guilty to charges of forgery and taking money under false pretenses, but sentence was unaccountably suspended.

Other Dies informants included John W. Koos, the Ukrainian fascist leader, who in 1938 cabled congratulations to Hitler for his success in settling "the minority problem," and Professor Edward I. Fenlon, who assured readers of the Coughlinite Brooklyn *Tablet* that if Franco were a fascist, it would not necessarily make him or his cause vicious. There were also the anonymous labor spies who supplied Dies with the information on the basis of which he charged that the C. I. O. was overrun with felons.

Why did the Dies committee accept the "revelations" of these walking delegates from the fascist fringe? Probably because it shared all their preconceptions. Certainly the most lurid charges against the New Deal could not have seemed improbable to a man who like Dies believes that Supreme Court Justice Murphy and Vice-President Wallace are tainted with communism. Whatever the motive behind his performance, Martin Dies chose to give America's political underworld its day in court—with friendly attorneys and a packed bench, and, in some instances, with liberal fees for services rendered.

They Support Dies

"[I have] the highest respect for the Dies committee and sympathy with its program."—George Sylvester Viereck.

"I am in favor of it [the Dies committee] to be appointed again and I wish them to get more money."—Fritz Kuhn.

"I founded the Silver Legion in 1933 . . . to propagate the exact same principles that Mr. Dies and this committee are engaged in prosecuting now."—William Dudley Pelley.

"Behind the whole fight on the Ku Klux Klan has been that hand of an insidious alien influence. The vicious fight on the Klan sprang from the same source which has fought the Dies committee from the day of its inception."—Ku Klux Klan pamphlet.

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